

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

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MR. PHELPS AS 'JOB THORNBURY' IN 'JOHN BULL.'

(Drawn by W. R. BUCKMAN, from a Photograph by Messrs. FRADELLE & MARSHALL.)

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On SATURDAY NEXT, and following Evenings, Paul Merritt's highly successful domestic drama, *ROUGH AND READY*. Principal characters by Mr. and Mrs. John Billington, and Miss Ellen Meyrick, from the Adelphi Theatre, Miss Blanche Atherton, Mr. Fred. Sheppard, Mr. Sidney, Mr. W. Stacey. All new scenery by Messrs. Dayes and Caney. After which the Great Pantomime of *JACK AND THE BEANSTALK*. Misses Nelly Power and Nellie Moon, Messrs. J. Fawn and W. B. Fair. The success of this Pantomime being still so great, it will be entirely re-dressed with new and costly costumes. Places can be secured in advance. No charge for booking.—Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 2s.; Stalls, newly furnished and carpeted, 5s.; Private Boxes from 2s. No fees. Boxes and stalls at the Libraries.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874.

SAMUEL PHELPS.

SAMUEL PHELPS, the father of what may be termed the old school of legitimate actors, was born at Davenport, in 1806, and apprenticed to a printer; "but," to quote the words of *Men of the Time*, "the bent of his mind lay in another direction, and he made his first appearance on the stage at York in 1828. His first attempt before a London audience was in the character of 'Shylock,' at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of Mr. Webster, and the performance was favourably received; nor was his next essay in the arduous part of 'Hamlet' less successful. When Mr. Macready undertook the management of Covent Garden Theatre in 1837, Mr. Phelps was engaged as one of the leading performers, and at the public entertainment given to Mr. Macready on his retirement from the stage, in 1851, he pointed to Mr. Phelps as the most promising, if not the most accomplished, Shakespearian performer of the day. In 1844 he became manager of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and in so doing one of his chief objects was to restore the popularity of the legitimate drama, then at a very low ebb; and in this experiment he was completely successful. He was engaged by Mr. Fechter at the Lyceum, and afterwards at Drury Lane Theatre, where he has appeared regularly for several seasons." We see no reason for taking the least exception to the opinion of the writer of this

brief biography. There can be little doubt that "the leading characteristics" of Mr. Phelps "as an actor both in tragedy and comedy, are a scrupulous adherence to the meaning of the author, and a fine"—if mannered—"eloquence, combined with a careful regard to the archaeological requirements of the *mise-en-scène*." Amongst the veterans who, for the benefit of Mr. Benjamin Webster, took part in the performance of the *School for Scandal*, there was not one who bore himself more artistically than Mr. Phelps. It is late in the day to make the somewhat gratuitous observation, but the eminent tragedian's 'Sir Peter Teazle' was a performance meritorious enough to take rank with the best of his impersonations, and will remain in the recollection of those who saw it on that memorable occasion as one of the most racy original 'Sir Peters' ever seen. It is gratifying to know that age has in no wise withered the talents of Mr. Phelps, or custom staled their infinite variety. Mr. Phelps's elocution happens to have a quaintly pronounced character that can be easily imitated, consequently it is rather the fashion amongst unbelievers in the old school of actors to disparage him. We have no sympathy with that kind of ridicule. The talent that enabled him to embody, always adequately and occasionally with surprising freshness and vitality, the vast range of characters with which his name will long be associated is exceedingly rare, and it will be a fortunate thing for the English stage if, when he lays aside the sock and buskin, there be found a young aspirant qualified to wear them as worthily. In some of his tragic parts he has been equalled by certain of his contemporaries, perhaps excelled, but in one line, that of dry eccentric comedy of a dry cynical kind—comedy flavoured with *pawky* humour—he is unrivalled. There is no need to enumerate the many parts he has played, beginning at the very 'Bottom' of the scale and ranging upwards to 'Hamlet.' We will content ourselves by pointing to 'Sir Pertinax Macsycophant,' in our opinion one of the most perfect impersonations ever seen. Had he done nothing else, he would have won a high place in the esteem of the intelligent playgoer. As a manager he successfully accomplished a feat that when undertaken appeared little less than Quixotic. To educate a boorish audience into an enjoyment of Shakspere, was an achievement worthy of the most courageous reformers of the stage. It is sufficient to say that he did this thoroughly. In 1853, Mr. Phelps edited an admirable edition of Shakspere, which was illustrated by the late Mr. Nicholson. We have much pleasure in noticing the fact that Mr. Phelps is at present "in the bill."

### The Drama.

THE Adelphi re-opened for the season under the lessee of Mr. Chatterton, on Saturday evening, when a varied programme was presented, comprising an amusing and bustling farce by Mr. John Oxenford, under the title of *A Waltz by Arditi*, followed by a revival of the old-fashioned melodrama of *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*, and concluding with a ballet divertissement for Miss Kate Vaughan and her troupe, and a comic ballet—*Snip, or, The Topers Three*. On the same evening at the Court, the poetical drama of *The White Pilgrim*, which unaccountably failed to meet with the appreciation its inherent merits deserved, gave place to a revival for a few evenings of the interesting comedy of *Alone*, which in its turn was succeeded on Thursday evening by a new comedy, *Ready Money Mortiboy*, a dramatic version by the joint authors of their own novel of the same name. An excellent representation of *The School for Scandal*, with Mr. Phelps as 'Sir Peter Teazle,' Mr. Hermann Vezin as 'Joseph Surface,' Mr. Charles Wyndham as 'Charles Surface,' Mr. Toole as 'Moses,' Miss Ada Cavendish as 'Lady Teazle,' Miss Farren as 'Lady Sneerwell,' &c., &c., took place on Saturday morning at the Gaiety, where *The Rivals*, which has been represented at several of the Matinées here recently, has been transferred to the evening programme, in which it has been the leading feature during the week, with the same cast, with the exception that Mr. Charles Harcourt from the Princess's now sustains the part of 'Captain Absolute.' The extravaganza of *Guy Fawkes* still concludes the entertainment. The most notable dramatic event of the week was the production on Monday night, at the Olympic, of Tom Taylor's new historical drama *Clancarty*, supported by Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Fowler, Mr. Henry Neville, and Mr. G. W. Anson in the leading characters, and of which a full notice appears in another column.

The only other changes during the week calling for notice are the withdrawal of *Raymond and Agnes* from the bills of the Haymarket, where the favourite comedietta of *My Uncle's Will*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendall so amusingly represent the two irritating lovers, was revived on Monday night. Mr. Gilbert's comedy *Charity* is also to be withdrawn to-night. At the Princess's, the part of 'Chastelard' in Mr. Wills's play of *Mary Queen o' Scots*—previously filled by Mr. Charles Harcourt, who has gone to the Gaiety to appear as 'Captain Absolute' in *The Rivals*—is now sustained by Mr. Forbes Robertson, a young actor and pupil of Mr. Irving's; and Mr. Falconer's celebrated Irish drama of *Eileen Oge* has been revived at the National Standard, with the author, Mr. J. G. Shore, and Edith Stuart, in their original characters.

Miss Marriott having concluded her successful engagement at the Sadler's Wells, Miss Bessie Reed, the directress, and Mr. Henry Powell have returned here, and appeared during the week in the leading parts in *The Lady of Lyons*, *East Lynne*, and the Olympic drama of *The Ticket of Leave Man*. At another outlying theatre, the Marylebone, which has been of late, and for the first time, raised to anything like a prosperous condition by the tact and enterprise of the present lessee and experienced manager Mr. J. A. Cave—a new and highly effective drama, entitled *Tom Truant, his Career from School to the Battle-field*, was successfully produced on Monday, and to-night another new drama, *Life in Russia*, is to be added to the programme.

The representations of *Macbeth* at the Crystal Palace commenced last week, have been repeated on Tuesday Thursday, and yesterday.

## THE COURT THEATRE.

## THE BLUE-LEGGED LADY.

THE "piece of absurdity," as it was appropriately styled on the preliminary announcements, produced here on Wednesday evening last week, under the whimsical title of *The Blue-legged Lady*, turned out a practical joke, or, on the first night at least, a "dramatic sell," and has since been so designated in the advertisements. It belongs to the same class of piece as *The First Night*, *The Prompter's Box*, *Behind the Curtain*, *Vesta's Temple*, and other works disclosing the *arcana of life* "behind the scenes." Unlike these, however, *The Blue-legged Lady* is merely an exaggerated caricature of a dress rehearsal, or rather the fragment of one, incessantly interrupted by the most improbable *contretemps*, and brought to an abrupt termination by an impossible incident. When the audience are anxiously awaiting for the advent of *The Blue-legged Lady*, Mr. Hill, the assumed author, appears at the footlights, and with due apologies announces that the new drama is not sufficiently ready for presentation; but as they are to have a dress rehearsal of it, those who please may remain to witness it; accordingly the curtain is rung up, disclosing a Venetian forest, in which the rehearsal takes place. At first it is amusing enough, and smartly written; the humour arising chiefly from the critical comments of Mr. Clifford Cooper, who, under the impression that the new drama is postponed, comes on the stage dressed as and ready to perform his part of 'Poppytrip' in the *Wedding March*, and remains to see the rehearsal—which is carried on in broad burlesque—under trying and ludicrous circumstances. First, Mr. Bishop as the 'Doge of Venice' mars an intended imposing entrance by stumbling over some impediment and falling prostrate. After uttering a few words, he suddenly recollects that he must procure fresh lodgings, and precipitately takes his departure from the theatre. Then the stage is kept waiting while Miss Litton, who is to represent the heroine, is finishing a pork-chop in her dressing-room. At length she makes her appearance as 'Catinka, Duchess of Ferrara,' and declares she is absolutely "dried up," and must have a draught of stout before she proceeds with the rehearsal. The Duchess is the *Blue-legged Lady* of the bill, and acquired that appellation from having accidentally fallen into a dyer's tub of cerulean blue. As her husband, the Duke of Ferrara, has a horror of this colour, the Duchess repairs to the Venetian forest to obtain some chemical to eradicate the blue colour from a hermit who is renowned as an analytical chemist. The hermit, throwing off his disguise, turns out to be a lover of Catinka's, and proceeds to make protestations to the Duchess, when her husband suddenly appears, and the rivals engage in a terrific combat. At this moment Mr. Bishop returns from Camden Town, unsuccessful in his search for lodgings, Mrs. Boggieboy, in whose house he had expected to obtain them, having left home to visit one of the theatres. Upon hearing the name, a lady in the stage box (Miss Kate Manor) announces herself as Mrs. Boggieboy. Here ensues the crowning absurdity of the piece, in the haggling negotiation for her apartments between Mrs. Boggieboy and Mr. Bishop, ending in the latter's terms being accepted, and his leaving the theatre to accompany the lady home. Of course without Mr. Bishop the rehearsal cannot proceed, and is brought to an abrupt termination. The piece, notwithstanding its incongruities and fooling, is amusing in the earlier portion, and excites a good deal of laughter, but it is spoiled by the clumsiness of its termination. As a "sell," it was effective on the first night only, as succeeding audiences are fore-armed with the knowledge of the real construction of the piece—while there was ample excuse for the first night's audience, the majority of whom, at least, were pardonably deceived by the perfectly natural delivery of Mr. Hill's apologetic address, and by its seeming bona-fides were led to believe that they were about to witness a dress rehearsal only, of a drama not yet sufficiently ready for representation. This belief, strengthened by the first few incidents, soon faltered in some succeeding most improbable incidents, and the illusion was unluckily dispelled long before the abrupt collapse, and gave place to the humiliating conviction that they were regularly "sold."

## QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE lodgement in Newgate of the *soi-disant* "Wandering Heir" of modern times has apparently diminished in some measure the public interest excited by the adventures of his more legitimate prototype of the last century, James Annesley; for the picturesque drama founded by Mr. Charles Reade on the vicissitudes in the life of the ill-starred Earl of Anglesea, is at present witnessed by audiences which, though demonstratively appreciative, are by no means numerically proportionate to the literary, histrionic, and spectacular merits of the work placed before them. Mrs. John Wood having resigned the character of 'Philippa,' with a view to obtaining a little repose, previously to entering on an engagement at another house, this arduous part is now sustained by Miss Ellen Terry, than whom a worthier successor to the distinguished American actress could hardly have been selected. If slightly deficient in the exquisite humour which pervaded the assumption of her predecessor, Miss Terry imparts to Mr. Reade's remarkable creation of Philippa a thoroughly feminine tone that more than compensates for the above trifling disadvantage; and regarded from a different point of view, the new personation of the leading rôle is scarcely less effective than that which first recommended *The Wandering Heir* to the favour of the town. As a supplementary attraction, the programme was strengthened on Monday evening last by the addition of a new two-act drama entitled *Rachel the Reaper*, which concluded the performances. Though the authorship has not been announced, we may assume that the piece under notice is the production of a practised hand. True that the drama does not appertain to a high class of theatrical composition—true that it might have proved better suited to the taste of transpontine playgoers than to the exacting *gusto* of frequenters of the Queen's; but the writer has evinced an unquestionable constructive skill and an ingenuity in the arrangement of incident which bespeak experience. The dialogue is marked

by an occasional felicity of expression, and in some passages we recognise dramatic power; whilst the situations are judiciously contrived, and the interest of the story progressively increases till the *dénouement* is attained. It is, however, the aim of most dramatists "to point a moral," and in the non-fulfilment of this condition of histrionic success we may discover the explanation of the unsatisfactory impression left by the representation of *Rachel the Reaper*. The absence of well-defined intention renders the effect of the piece vague and weak. As far as we could gather on Monday evening, the object of the author is to show that when a woman, having unwittingly united herself to a man who is already married, finds that she is no wife at all, and that her child is illegitimate, she need not despair of encountering some noble fellow ready to lead her to the altar and to afford her the protection of his name. This may be so, and it is probably right that it should be so; but we would fain hope that the number of similar victims is not so considerable as to render the subject one of great social interest, and worthy of ventilation on the stage. The plot of the drama may be summarised in a few words. Corporal Patrick, a veteran who has fought at Waterloo, and his granddaughter Rachel, are among the reapers employed on the farm of Mr. Hathorn. A mystery envelopes the history of the young girl, whose charms (though by no effort of her own) have won the heart of her master's son Robert. The latter is in his turn beloved by his cousin Rose Mayfield, a young widow temporarily residing in her uncle's house. Attracted by the fortune of which Rose is reported to be possessed, one Richard Hickman, a profligate, appears on the scene to pay his addresses to the widow. With surprise and dismay he finds himself face to face with Rachel, to whom, with a wife still living, he has united himself some time before, only to shortly abandon her and his child to indigence and starvation. Rachel thwarts his designs on Rose Mayfield, and he in revenge slanders his victim to her lover Robert. The latter, however, when he learns the truth, offers to marry Rachel, and she, finding that she has just inherited a large fortune, yields a willing consent. Rose endeavours to compensate herself for the loss of her cousin by accepting Mr. Casenower, a retired solicitor, who has long acknowledged the power of her fascination; while Richard Hickman disappears from the scene, in disgrace it is true; but most inadequately punished for his despicable villainy. With the embodiment of the various characters but little fault can be found. Mr. T. Mead, as 'Corporal Patrick,' is sonorous and effective, and at the close of the first act, his graphic portrayal of the veteran's indignation when he unmasks the seducer of his child, secured him, on Monday evening, an enthusiastic summons to the footlights. The natural and robust style of Mr. Charles Kelly, in the part of 'Robert,' causes this personage to stand forth in bold relief: and as Mr. Casenower, Mr. Fred Irish proves himself a comedian of uncommon ability. Miss Rose Evans makes her *début* here in the character of 'Rachel,' and evinces an aptitude for emotional expression, which will stand her in good stead when she succeeds in ridding herself of a certain staginess which at present mars her performance. To Miss Bessie Edwards is due the credit of rendering the lighter scenes of the drama thoroughly amusing, by means of her vivacious acting. On the first evening of its presentation the piece was cordially received, and with compression and modification *Rachel the Reaper* may, for some time to come, serve the purpose of amusing those patrons of the playhouse who, wanting as much as they can obtain for their money, prefer quitting the theatre in the closest possible proximity to the hour of midnight.

## ADELPHI.

MR. WEBSTER having honourably retired from managerial cares, Mr. F. Chatterton has become lessee and sole director of the Adelphi, which he reopened for the season, on Saturday evening, with the greater portion of the Drury Lane company.

The principal piece in the programme is the truly old-fashioned melodrama *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*, which, founded on a Russian story, and being "illustrative of Russian manners and customs," although of a bygone period, has been avowedly revived in compliment to the *entente cordiale* between this country and Russia, cemented by the recent Royal Marriage—indeed no other *raison d'être* can be adduced for the exhumation of such an antiquated play, except as a curiosity and type of the species of drama which could not only amuse the public in the much vaunted palmy days of the drama, but combined in its cast, when first produced in 1808, the most celebrated artists of the day, including among others Pope, Incledon, Munden, Liston, Charles Young, Fawcett, and Miss Foote. The characters as well as the dialogue are pompous and inflated—worthy only of the transpontine melodrama of recent times, while the story, simple in itself, is clumsily worked out, and with little clearness. However, in its present form, altered considerably from the original, and with the modern accessories of the excellent and picturesque scenery, pretty and characteristic ballet and costumes, and brilliant spectacular procession with which it is embellished, it serves the temporary purpose for which it was selected. Miss Wallis exhibits well-sustained tenderness and pathos as the heroine, the daughter of a nobleman in wrongful exile, who undertakes a long and toilsome journey from Siberia to St. Petersburg, and obtains her father's pardon from the Empress. During her journey she encounters numerous dangers and perils, from which she is always preserved by a mysterious and ubiquitous Indian, who is sure to turn up at the critical moment and in the most out-of-the-way places, and who eventually proves to be the heroine's lover in disguise. The two most effective scenes are first the "Ice Fields of Siberia," during a snow-storm at night, in the second act, where Elizabeth is saved by the protecting Indian from the wolves, and the representation of the ice fair on the Neva, in the third act. Here is introduced a graceful ballet, comprising some characteristic Russian dances, by a handsomely costumed corps de ballet, and in this scene Mr. Levy, attired in Russian costume, gives one of his marvellous solos with elaborate variations on the cornet-à-piston, which,

although gaining much applause from the audience, is an incongruous innovation, and wholly out of place in such a situation. A brilliant imperial procession and entry of the Empress brings the drama to an effective termination. The fossil revival is preceded by a very lively and bustling farce by Mr. John Oxenford, entitled *A Waltz by Arditi*, and is followed by a ballet divertissement by Miss Kate Vaughan and her troupe, and Mr. Fred Evans's comic pantomime ballet *Snip*. Mr. Oxenford's farce is unusually amusing. The fun, kept up unflaggingly from beginning to end, arises from the laughable perplexities occasioned through the mistake of a young lady, daughter of a fire-eating French colonel, sojourning in London, asking at a music-shop for two kisses, when she desired to be served with two copies of Arditi's celebrated waltz *Il Bacio*. An amateur composer, who happens at the moment, during the temporary absence of the proprietor, Mr. Quaver, to be behind the counter, takes the young lady's request literally, and imprints two kisses on her lips. She resents the audacious liberty with indignation, and rushes out to inform her father—the offender following her to apologise to and appease her. In the meantime Mr. Quaver returns to his shop, little dreaming of the turmoil and trouble which soon overwhelm him. First he is taken for the insulter of his daughter by the enraged Colonel, who frightening him out of his wits by his violent threats, offers him, as the only means of satisfactory atonement, the alternative of meeting him in deadly combat or instantly marrying his daughter. Poor Quaver thinking the tremendous Colonel must be mad, agrees, as the only means of pacifying him, to marry the young lady, and on pretence of going to procure a special licence, but in reality to fetch the police, makes his escape from the shop. On his return he has to endure even still greater trouble from his incensed wife, to whom the Colonel has related all about his supposed delinquencies and subsequent reparation by consenting to marry Mademoiselle. The game of cross-purposes is carried on for some time with most amusing effect, and is only set right at last by the arrival of the young lady herself, who clears Mr. Quaver from all imputation by pointing out as the real culprit the enthusiastic composer, who readily complies with the Colonel's command that he must become the husband of his daughter. The farce is acted with great spirit throughout—especially by Mr. Brittain Wright and Miss Hudspeth as Mr. and Mrs. Quaver, but still more particularly by Mr. A. Glover, whose personation of the impetuous French officer was perfect for artistic finish and characterization. *A Waltz by Arditi* is one of the best farces that have been produced for a long time.

## SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

PLAYGOERS with retentive memories, in recalling the proud position attained by this theatre under the memorable Phelps and Greenwood management, and in contemplating the rapid decay which of late years has appeared at times to threaten its total expunction from the list of metropolitan temples of the drama, may well have exclaimed, "Sic transit gloria mundi!" All honour, then, to the lessee who seeks, not only to prolong the existence of an edifice which past associations invest with a national interest, but, by a revival of its faded glories, to render it worthy of continuing to exist. The credit of an aspiration of this nature is due to Mr. Henry Powell, the present manager. With Miss Bessie Reid, a clever actress and accomplished *equestrienne*, as his most prominent attraction, and supported by a company of considerable ability, Mr. Powell has, during this season, treated his Islington patrons to the performance of a series of meritorious plays, in the embodiment of which his own histrionic talents have enabled him to figure with decided success. Among the pieces represented here this week has been *The Lady of Lyons*. As 'Claude Melnotte,' Mr. Powell manifests that complete command of all the resources of stage-art which springs from experience and native capacity combined, and though his style is a trifle heavy for Lord Lytton's romantic hero, the impersonation must be pronounced throughout effective. The 'Pauline' of Miss Bessie Reid is a graceful and impassioned performance, distinguished by

"The ease  
That marks security to please."

Whether as Mazeppa lashed to the wild steed, and traversing the Steppes of Tartary, or as the haughty Beauty of Lyons, this favourite actress is seen to equal advantage. Well supported by Mr. Frank Scott as 'Beauseant,' Mr. J. R. Jackson in the rôle of 'Colonel Damas,' and Miss C. A. Clarke as 'Madame Deschappelles,' Miss Reid and Mr. Powell have been greeted with an enthusiasm that points to their enjoyment of a local popularity, which, with respect to the critical playgoing community of the North of London, true merit alone can secure.

## SURREY THEATRE.

FOR some years the Surrey Theatre has been famous for popular entertainments; but the pantomime of 1873-4, produced under the management of Mr. William Holland, has gained for it a celebrity greater than that of many of the West-end houses. That very much of the success of the pantomime is to be attributed to the efforts of Miss Nelly Power, nobody that has seen it will care to deny. It was only natural, therefore, that the talented lady should have a benefit. On Wednesday evening last a full house assembled to do her honour. The bill of fare included the highly successful Adelphi drama *Rough and Ready*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Billington performed with their usual ability. The drama was followed by a grand concert, during the progress of which Messrs. Fred Coyne, John Nash, and other music-hall celebrities appeared. The chief attraction, however, was Miss Nelly Power herself, who sang with great spirit a number of her popular songs.

BEAUTY SOON FADES, and no suer foes to it exist than paint, powders, enamels, and the poisonous fluids now sold under the name of beautifiers. In all cases of tan, freckles, pimples, and cutaneous eruptions, a free use should be made several times a day of *Rowlands' KALYDOR*, which has been known for the last 70 years to be an unfailing conservator of the complexion and skin. Sold by any chemist, perfumer, or hair-dresser, at 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.—[A.D.V.]



SCENE FROM "PHILIP," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

(DRAWN BY WALLIS MACKAY.)



THE LAST SCENE IN "MARY, QUEEN O' SCOTS," AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE.

(Drawn by F. VILLERS.)

## THE OLYMPIC.

## LADY CLANCARTY.

On Monday night Mr. Tom Taylor's new and historical drama *Lady Clancarty, or Wedded and Wooed*, was produced at the Olympic Theatre under circumstances decidedly favourable to its long continuance on the stage. Indeed, to step aside for once from the conventional method of dealing with a new piece, let us say that *Lady Clancarty* is far and away the best historical drama that has emanated from the author's pen, "an excellent play; well digested in the scenes; set down with as much modesty as cunning." It is seldom an author succeeds in thoroughly satisfying the intellect as well as in rousing, by perfectly legitimate means, the feelings of his audience, but Mr. Taylor has done both. "The leading incident and personages of this play are historical. The history of the Assassination Plot of 1696 has been told in detail by Lord Macaulay from materials furnished mainly by the State Trials of that date. The story of the marriage of Lord and Lady Clancarty while still boy and girl—a practice not uncommon at the time when it occurred—their long and entire separation, their encounter as strangers, the husband's subsequent discovery of himself to his wife, the rapid growth of their love, Clancarty's arrest in his wife's arms by Lord Charles Spencer, her brother, and his condemnation to death under the High Treason Act, being found in England without Royal License after filling high posts in the Armies and Councils of James II. at St. Germain's, and the pardon obtained with difficulty from the King by the loving courage of Lady Clancarty, is also historical. The author is answerable for implicating Lord Clancarty in the Assassination Plot of 1696 (for most of the features and actors of which, as here represented, including the scenes and characters at the Hurst, there is historical authority), and for assigning to him the manly and courageous part in first revealing the plot to the King and the Earl of Portland, which was really played by Thomas Pendergast, a Jacobite gentleman of Lancashire. The Assassination Plot immediately preceded the reunion of Lord and Lady Clancarty, and the combination of the two series of incidents involved no violence to historical consistency." The play has been placed admirably on the stage, and is acted throughout with remarkable ability. As 'Donagh Macarthy, Earl Clancarty,' Mr. Henry Neville had a part exactly suited to him. The character of a dashing chivalric nobleman, who is punctiliously honourable, brave to temerity, and passionately devoted to his wife, was capitally realised, and we pay Mr. Neville no empty compliment, but simply state a fact, when we say that there is no artist at present on the stage who could have filled the part so well. Step by step has Miss Ada Cavendish risen in the estimation of those over-exacting critics who deemed her cold and hard and statuesque, compelling them, as it were, to grant her the possession of some of those qualities which, crystallized, we call greatness. We are not sure whether she has not touched greatness in *Lady Clancarty*. In the meeting with her husband in the third act, and her audience with the king in the fourth, her acting was not only fine but surprisingly powerful. Mr. Charles Neville's highly finished 'study' of King William III. left nothing to be desired,—and stage monarchs very frequently do; while Mr. G. W. Anson's 'Scum Goodman' went far towards placing him in the front rank of what are called 'character' actors. Since Mr. Belmore's 'Softy,' nothing so grimly powerful as Mr. Anson's acting of the hunted-down traitor has been seen in London. Miss Fowler's 'Lady Betty Noel' was a clever performance—not but that it would have been all the better for a few brilliant flashes of repose. The highest compliment we can award Mr. W. H. Vernon's performance of the part of the flinty-hearted brother, 'Lord Charles Spencer,' is to state that he succeeded on the night when we were present, in eliciting a hearty hiss of execration from pit and gallery. Mr. Voltaire is always respectable, and always Mr. Voltaire, and Mr. W. H. Fisher wears his picturesque costume with a certain amount of grace, if he does make Lord Woodstock more of a lisping milksop than is necessary. In conclusion, we beg to say that if the public can appreciate a good sterling piece of work, *Lady Clancarty* will have a long reign at the Olympic.

## MR. RIGHTON'S ADVENTURES WITH A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

THE skilful construction, sparkling dialogue, truthful delineation of character, and other sterling merits inherent in the several old comedies, fully account for the pleasure which they still afford even to veteran playgoers, and amply justify the prevailing and increasing taste for their revival; while as a new order of playgoers springs up every ten years, managers have an additional incentive to this policy of reproduction for the benefit of the rising generation, to enable them to judge of the excellence in dramatic construction and writing which delighted, and continues to delight, their seniors. No such reason can be put forth by the manager of the Olympic for the "eccentricity" brought out here under the title of *Mr. Righton's Adventures with a Russian Princess*. It is merely a reproduction in a modified form, with alterations of names and place, of a farcical sketch written by G. H. Lewes, under his *nom de plume* of Slingsby Lawrence, for Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket some nineteen years ago, and then styled *Mr. Buckstone's Adventures with a Polish Princess*. In the altered form, Mr. Righton is the hero, whose supposed adventures or misadventures take place in Russia, where he goes through a series of impossible and extravagant trials in avoiding deadly combats with four Russian duellists; becomes the rival of a German prince, whose matrimonial designs he frustrates, and is forced into a marriage with a Russian princess. When his accumulated misfortunes are at their climax, all turns out to have been a dream, and Mr. Righton is discovered in bed awakening from a terrible nightmare. The piece is not devoid of fun of the extravagant order, but its principal merits lie in a topical song given with infinite point by Mr. Righton, and in the really clever and artistic sketch of the outraged German prince by Mr. G. W. Anson, a rising young actor, who in each new assumption he undertakes, exhibits marked progress in his profession.

## "MARY QUEEN O' SCOTS."

We dealt so fully with the story of Mr. Wills's play of *Mary Queen o' Scots* on the occasion of its production, that we content ourselves with merely drawing attention to the illustration of the scene which is given on another page. The point chosen by the artist is where the Queen, who had fallen to the ground when the sharp rattle of the musketry under the window proclaims the death of Chastellard, rises at the sound of John Knox's voice, and rushes to the cross—"her only comfort."

## FRENCH PLAYS.

THE oppression of the humbler class by their superiors has times innumerable formed the subject of dramatic illustration; but the servile tyrannising over his master is a spectacle much less familiar to the playgoer. MM. Eugene Grangé and Raymond Deslandes have, however, chosen the latter theme as the leading idea of their three-act farce, entitled *Les Domestiques*, which was performed at the Holborn Theatre by MM. Valnay and Pitron's company last Wednesday evening in the presence of a large and distinguished assemblage. Abounding with those *jeux d'esprit* that have raised the comedies of France so high in the estimation of the world, enlivened throughout by a constant infusion of the animal spirits for which our vivacious neighbours are remarkable, and pervaded, in respect of characterisation, by the brilliancy of coloring that in Parisian plays of the lighter order reflects the social gaiety of the French capital, the work under notice may be accepted as a favourable example of the modern school of dramatic writing across the Channel. The story is extremely simple, but the ingenious development of its incidents arouses an interest which many a plot of greater intricacy might fail to command. Monsieur and Madame Durosel, well-to-do residents in Paris, desire to bring about a union between their daughter Cecile and a gentleman whom they consider a suitable match; the young lady, however, is secretly attached to her music master, M. Oscar. Through the instrumentality of his valet, Joseph, M. Durosel finds himself involved in an intrigue with a pretty *parfumeuse*; while his wife does not scruple to take charge of five hundred francs, deposited in her hands by the maid-servant, Julie, at a moment when Madame's financial condition is unsatisfactory. Joseph uses his knowledge of his master's secret to have his own way in all things; and Julie holds Madame Durosel's pecuniary obligation in *terrorem* over the head of her mistress, whenever the latter attempts to exert her authority. The climax of fun is reached in the third act, in which, during the absence of Monsieur and Madame, the servants attire themselves in the most costly apparel they can find, and sumptuously entertain various other domestics of their acquaintance. While the revellers are engaged in dancing a very mild cancan, the master and mistress appear on the scene. Joseph and Julie are summarily dismissed, but being reminded respectively of the intrigue and the debt, Monsieur and Madame Durosel eventually decide to forgive their wayward dependants. As the intended husband of Cecile proves himself a false knight, and as her father discovers a letter of a compromising character addressed by Oscar to the young lady, M. Durosel demands that the music teacher shall make amends by marrying his daughter, a demand which is of course cheerfully complied with. Bearing in some respects a striking resemblance to the old English farce of *High Life below Stairs*, MM. Grangé and Deslandes' production makes little pretension to probability, and commands the approval of its audience chiefly by the overflowing humour of its language and situations. Entrusted to the excellent *troupe* engaged at the Holborn, the principal characters were on Wednesday secure of the most able interpretation. M. Didier, a comedian of infinite resource and versatility, and Mdlle. Wilhem, an actress whose assumptions range "from grave to gay," and are always praiseworthy, bore off the honours of the evening by their clever rendering of 'Joseph' and 'Julie'; M. Perier depicted, with much fidelity to nature, the vicious senility of M. Durosel; whilst Mdlle. Jenny Roches as 'Cecile,' Madame Adolphe in the rôle of 'Madame Durosel,' and M. Paul Legrand as 'Oscar,' all contributed to the general effect of the performance, the excellence of which appeared to afford universal and unalloyed satisfaction, a remark equally applicable to the representation of *Les Grandes Demoiselles*, by Edouard Goudinet, which brought the entertainment to a mirth-inspiring conclusion. As next week is announced to be the last of the season, those who have not yet witnessed these sterling performances should lose no time in paying a visit to the Holborn.

## Provincial.

## BIRMINGHAM.

THEATRE ROYAL (Manager, Mr. M. H. Simpson).—*The Colleen Bawn* and the pantomime, *Beauty and the Beast*, are still running at this theatre with undiminished success.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE (Sole Manager and Proprietor, Mr. J. Rodgers).—The pantomime, which, as I stated last week, would be speedily withdrawn, has been succeeded by *Peep o' Day*, supported by Mr. W. McIntyre, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Manton, Mr. J. Morris, Miss Page, Miss Hodson, &c.; concluding with *Who's Who*. Miss Wallis is announced to appear shortly in her great impersonation of 'Juliet.'

## BRADFORD.

THEATRE ROYAL (Lessee, Mr. C. Rice).—Mr. Romaine Callendar has continued with *True as Steel* during the week; the realistic exhibition of a steam-hammer and puddling furnaces, in full work, proving a great "draw." Last night (Friday), the drama *Always Ready* was to be produced for the benefit of Miss Florence Chapman, and to-night (Saturday) will be the last of the company's stay in Bradford.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—Mr. Charles Wyndham's company concluded their brief engagement here on Saturday night last, the political burlesque of *The Happy Land* having proved very attractive to local playgoers. Yesterday (Friday) evening, the last Subscription Concert of the season was to take place, when Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was to be performed, with Madame Otto Alvsleben, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley as the principal vocalists, assisted by Mr. Charles Hallé's full band, and a chorus three hundred strong.

## BRIGHTON.

THEATRE ROYAL (Proprietor and Manager, Mr. H. Nye Chart; Stage Manager, Mr. Alfred Sanger).—Owing to the immense success of Miss Furtado and Mr. John Clarke, they were retained for three extra nights at the commencement of this week; repetitions of *Society*,

*Green Bushes*, &c., have been given. On Thursday Mr. Thomas R. Chart, the treasurer, took his annual benefit, and was well patronised. The pieces were the *Colleen Bawn*, and the burlesque of *La Sonnambula*, with the rustic ballet scene from the pantomime. Miss Rachel Sanger (daughter of the stage director, and herself formerly a member of the stock company) lent her valuable assistance by appearing as 'Eily O'Connor.' Mrs. Chart played the 'Colleen Ruidh,' and Mr. Chart played 'Miles.' The season, which has been most prosperous, terminates next week.

GRAND CONCERT HALL.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lloyd (Miss Katey King) and their comic concert party have appeared with success before very appreciative audiences during the week.

## BRISTOL.

NEW THEATRE.—On Monday the theatre was re-opened "for one night only," when the performances were for the benefit of Mr. G. R. Chapman, whose ability as musical conductor was recognised by a crowded house. The principal dramatic attraction was the once-popular play *Masks and Faces*, which was creditably presented by the members of Mr. Chute's late company, notably by Miss Lingham, Mr. H. Walton, and Mr. H. Vincent, with the assistance of Miss Lizzie Mandelbert, who reappeared on the Bristol boards after a lengthy absence. It was followed by a short musical interlude, in which the Volunteer Artillery Band, and the Rifle Band (which is conducted by Mr. Chapman) both took part.

VICTORIA ROOMS.—The Jubilee Singers give two concerts here this week; the first performance, which was held on Wednesday, was very largely attended.

COLSTON HALL.—After a long and successful visit, Hamilton's *di-rama, Home and Abroad*, closes this week.

ATHENÆUM.—Miss Milly Howard and concert party have been drawing large audiences here during the week.

## DONCASTER.

THEATRE ROYAL (Lessee, Capt. Disney Roebuck).—A small but attractive company, under the control of Mr. F. G. Paulton, have been playing to fair houses during the last fortnight. Mr. A. Montague and Miss E. Montague very favourably received.

## DUBLIN.

GAIETY THEATRE (Proprietors, Messrs. J. & M. Gunn).—There has been no material change in the company or the performance since last week. *Kissi-Kissi* has been withdrawn, and various substitutes introduced, together with the opera bouffe *Lurline*. The scenic artist, Mr. Fox, jun., takes his benefit this week, and Mr. V. W. Oxberry his on the 17th, St. Patrick's Day.

THE EXHIBITION PALACE.—Mr. Glover announces a performance of his cantata *St. Patrick at Táir* to take place here on St. Patrick's Day. The performance is to be one of the biggest things during the year. It is under the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Abercorn. He promises 500 performers, among whom are Mrs. Cantwell, Mr. Richard-Sydney, Mr. F. W. Leslie, and Mr. R. Smith from London.

Upon the whole this has been a dull week here, and there is little or nothing to write about. Lent always depresses the musical and dramatic spirit of this city.

## EXETER.

THEATRE ROYAL (Lessee, Mr. Neebe).—The spring season commenced on Monday, 9th inst. The performances commenced with the farce of *The Little Sentinel*, supported by Mesdames Amayl and Montague, and Messrs. Bannister, Bourne, and Lewis. *The Manager in a Fix* was the next item, and Messrs. Walton and Hemming were received with great applause by their numerous admirers. The concluding piece was the comedy *Our Wife*, in which Mr. G. W. Harris greatly distinguished himself as the 'Comte de Brissac.' Miss Ethel Greybrooke made her first appearance as 'Rosine,' and the other characters were played by Miss Montague, and Messrs. Bourne, Bannister, Lewis, Pitt, &c.

## HUDDERSFIELD.

ADAMS' GRAND CIRCUS (Proprietor, Mr. Charles Adams).—During the present week Signor Luigi has again made his appearance on the flying trapeze, and is the principal attraction. The performance is daring and sensational. "The Chinese Fair, or the Revels of the Athletes," has been introduced, exhibiting the acrobatic feats of about sixteen members of the company, which are extremely good, and deserve the applause they nightly receive at the hands of large audiences. Owing to its great success, *Cinderella* is still retained in the programme.

## HULL.

PUBLIC ROOMS.—On Monday evening a concert was given by

Messrs. Gough and Davy in these rooms, with Madame Norman-Neruda, Charles Halle, Herren Bernhardt and Bauerkeller, and M. Daubert, as performers. The music was entirely classical, and

thoroughly enjoyed by a large and select audience.

ARION ORCHESTRAL UNION.—This local company gave their last concert of this season on Saturday afternoon. Though the support given to them this winter is warmer than last season, it is still far

from equal to their merits.

THEATRE ROYAL.—On Monday night Mrs. Dion Boucicault appeared for the first time in her husband's drama of *The Long Strike*. She is supported by Messrs. Belmore and Aylmer, and the whole strength of Mr. Parry's company. The manner in which Mrs. Boucicault impersonated the factory girl heroine is highly appreciated each evening by a full house. Messrs. Belmore and Aylmer's acting was admirable, and great praise is due to the other actors, especially Mr. Blakeley as the attorney, and Mr. Vandenhoff as 'Starkie,' for the creditable way in which they support them.

## LEEDS.

THEATRE ROYAL (Proprietor and Manager, Mr. John Coleman).—*Janet Pride* has been during the week the staple attraction here. On Monday evening the proceeds of the performance being devoted to the Bengal Famine Fund, the house was filled in every part by a large and distinguished audience, including the local members of Parliament and the Mayor of Leeds. The drama, which is produced under the entire superintendence of Mr. Richard Young, who plays the part of 'Richard Pride,' with which his name is largely associated, has had a fair run. As 'Janet Pride,' Miss Alice Finch plays creditably, and the company, which has been but recently formed, not only sustain the various parts of *Janet Pride* well, but appear powerful enough for any piece.

AMPHITHEATRE (Proprietor, Mr. J. Hobson).—The new piece, *Pure as Snow*, has been played together with *East Lynne* during the week, Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Heath taking the leading characters. There is nothing in the play that calls for special mention. *East Lynne* is as attractive as ever.

## LEICESTER.

Musically and dramatically speaking, we have had a feast of good things this week. First on the list is the musical drama of *Rob Roy*, and the lessee, Mr. Elliot Galer, and the talented Miss Fanny Reeves, have taken part in the piece. The whole production was well worthy of the occasion. Mr. Henry Nicholson gave us on Tuesday the oratorio of *Elijah*. Santley, Henry Guy (tenor), Madame Thaddeus Wells, and Miss Helen Walton, sang to a magnificent house. Mr. Nicholson does everything well, and this last concert of the season was quite a triumph. Mr. Clarence Holt and Mr. George Leybourne have made an appearance also at the same-hall, with an amount of success that was quite exhilarating both to the audience and to those who had the speculation in hand.

## MANCHESTER.

THEATRE ROYAL.—On Monday night Mr. Charles Mathews concluded his engagement at this theatre; and on Tuesday Mr. Flockton's newly organised company made their first appearance in Mr. James Alberry's comedy, *Apple Blossoms*. The merit of this piece is great, but the very decided success it achieved was largely owing to the exceedingly careful manner in which it was played. Miss Fanny Brough and Miss Susan Rignold, represented 'Kitty' and 'Jenny' with wonderful grace and tenderness; their performance throughout displaying the same feeling observed in the exquisite low-toned pictures of the modern French school of painters. Mr. Chessman was very

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MR. JAMES ALBERY.

## MR. JAMES ALBERY.

ALL we know about the early life of the popular author of *Two Roses* is that he was originally intended for the architectural profession, which, from family considerations the nature of which it is unnecessary to mention here, he abandoned in favour of a commercial career. In his youth he developed a rather remarkable talent for caricature—which, friendly rumour avers, has not forsaken him—and wrote farces for the members of the Southwark Literary Society. In fact, ever since he exercised his “prentice han’” in that way, his pen has been engaged on one or another kind of dramatic work, but the public heard nothing of him until his name was announced as the author of a little one-act comedy called *Doctor Davey*, which was produced at the Lyceum. Notwithstanding the sterling merits of this piece, Mr. Albery’s name again dropped out of notice until, in 1868, he became, we believe conjointly with Mr. J. J. Dilley, winner of the second T. P. Cooke prize awarded for the best under the provisions of the veteran “William’s” will. Will nobody disentomb *The Mate of the Mountjoy*?—allow, say a Surrey audience of to-day an opportunity of tasting the brine of Mr. Albery’s nautical ideas? The experiment might be worth risking. It may be mentioned, in proof of the facility which then characterised Mr. Albery, that he wrote his half of this four-act drama in less than two days. Whether that facility was “fatal” or not, cannot of course be said. *The Mate of the Mountjoy* remains to this day one of the great Unacted Drama. The writing of the T. P. Cooke task was followed by some ten years obscurity, broken in a triumphant way about four years since, by the production of *Two Roses*, a Robertsonian piece which, whatever its faults, pleased the critics, filled the Vaudeville Theatre with delighted audiences for over 300 nights, and, in short, “took the town.” Without going so far as to affirm that Mr. Albery is what the Americans would term “a one-horse author,” we must say that none of his later pieces are conspicuous for the merits which distinguished *Two Roses*. In addition to that piece he has produced *Two Thorns* (originally played in Liverpool under the title of *Coquettes*), *Tweedie’s Rights*, *Apple Blossoms*—which had a long run at the Vaudeville,—*Forgiven, Married*, a version of *Pickwick*, *Oriana*, *The Will of Wise King Kino*, *Fortune*, &c. Mr. Albery’s latest work is a drama, shortly to be produced, in which Mr. Toole will play a leading part. Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle and Marshall.

## A THEATRICAL PARTY.

*Amy Robsart’s* friends went over the way to visit *Rip Van Winkle*, who in a *Rough and Ready* manner took them to sup with *Simpson and Co.* *Raymond and Agnes*, *Philip* (said to be one of *Kate Payton’s Lovers*), *Don Juan*, one of *The Scamps of London*, and *Belphegor*, who felt like a *Fish out of Water*, were of the party. The conversation turned on *Mary Queen o’ Scots*, when *Charity, a Household Fairy*, interposed and declared there was *Much Ado about Nothing*. *La Fille de Madame Angot*, who was *Much too Clever*, and always on the look out for *A Husband in Clover*, said she was on the *Road to Ruin*, and before *Peep o’ Day* she should be in the midst of *Family Jars*; she had been threatened with *A Breach of Promise*, besides she had fallen in love with *King Foo*, much to *Her Heart’s Delight*, but her *Aunt Charlotte’s Maid*, who patronised *The School for Scandal*, vowed he should have *One for his Nob*—*Cocorico* said he had the *Will and the Way* to put down *Madame Angot*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, who favoured *Love’s Sacrifice*, asked the serious question, *Ought we to Visit Her?* *The Pretty Horsebreaker* and *The Blue-legged Lady* whispered together about *Mr. Righton’s Adventures with a Russian Princess*. *The Wood Demon*, *British Born*, was in the *Realms of Joy*, when invited by *Hamlet* to assist in *Lending a Hand* to uphold *The Flag of all Nations*. *The White Pilgrim*, who had just arrived by *The Fast Coach*, said of *The Wandering Heir*, “*He Lies like Truth*; yet, after *A Happy Cruise*, has been *Committed for Trial*.” *Richelieu Re-dressed*, having donned *The Crimson Scarf*, was in *Eldorado* at the sweet sounds of *The Magic Fife*. *Little Red Riding Hood*, and *Jack in the Box*, who had just left *School*, determined to join *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*. *Jack and the Beanstalk* showed an example of *The British Boy’s Career*. *Whittington and his Cat* (the latter taking for her motto “*Don’t Judge by Appearances*”) when they heard of *Ruy Blas Righted* indulged in the *Flick and Flock Galop*, and in spite of *The Belle’s Stratagem*, *Two Flats and a Sharp*, with *Guy Fawkes*, left the party to visit *The Hunchback*, who bade them beware of the wild doings of *Mazeppa*, and introduced them to *Arrah-na-Pogue*. *The Octofoon* now proclaimed the midnight hour, and farewells were exchanged. *Cinderella* departed to join soon after in *The Wedding March*, and *Fiz-gig*, slightly elevated, was the first to reach home.

M. E. W.

## “PHILIP.”

MR. HENRY IRVING—to whom it is now the duty of dramatists to ‘write up’—has been provided with a new character by Mr. Hamilton Aidé. The drama called *Philip*, although somewhat melodramatic, has been so tastefully mounted by the spirited manager of the Lyceum, and is so well acted by the company engaged, that it goes much better than many a superior work produced at theatres where the actors are less gifted and the management more stingy. The story is in this wise:—Two brothers are in love with the same lady. One of the twain, ‘*Philip*,’ seized with a momentary paroxysm of jealousy, shoots—or thinks he shoots—his fraternal relative. The murderer flies from his Spanish home, and years after meets in a Parisian saloon the object of his affections. The lovers marry and retire to a chateau. At their abode the individual supposed to be murdered turns up, aged and decrepit. He is recognised by neither, but takes secret means to make himself known to both. The husband suspecting his wife to be in communication with the brother, suddenly enters her apartment. There is no one there but the partner of his joys and sorrows. Shrewdly suspecting that his supposed rival is secreted in a private chapel opening off the room, he orders in a number of bricklayers to wall up the chamber. Before they have proceeded very far with their work, the incarcerated brother discovers himself. An explanation of the most satisfactory nature is tendered, and the play ends happily.

Our illustration is taken from the first act of *Philip*. Philip (Mr. Henry Irving) has just discharged the contents of a musket into his brother. Overcome by terror and remorse he draws a handkerchief over the face of the supposed corpse, and is flying from the scene. In this class of character the very talented actor has—as far as we know—no rival on the London stage. The emotion of terror or surprise, the sudden appreciation of a horror, the facial expression of terrible regret, cannot be more artistically pourtrayed by any actor whose performances we have yet had the privilege of witnessing. The play, as a play, is not a production of very great merit. But the acting and the stage appointments make it a thing well worth seeing.

## Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," in the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

## THE RIVAL OPERAS.

ON Tuesday next Her Majesty's Opera will open at Drury Lane, and a fortnight later the Royal Italian Opera will open at Covent Garden. These are the two great events of the musical season,—and the prospectuses of the rival companies are carefully studied, both by amateurs and professional musicians, directly they appear. This season, both Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Gye have abstained from publishing the elaborate puffs which formerly seemed to be necessary portions of every opera prospectus; yet there have been few seasons in which so much first-rate operatic talent has been attracted to London. A glance at the printed announcements put forth by the two managers will establish this fact; and will enable us to form some idea of the kind of operatic entertainment which we may expect during the ensuing season.

Mr. Mapleson's leading *prima donna* will be Madame Christine Nilsson, who will create the rôle of 'Edith Berenger' in Balfe's posthumous opera, *The Knight of the Leopard*, the title of the work being changed to *Il Talismano*, the original English libretto, by Mr. Arthur Matthison, being Italianised by Signor Zaffira. Whether this arrangement is just to Balfe may be doubted. His music was attached by him to certain words, by which it had been more or less inspired; and whatever may be the ability of Signor Zaffira, he cannot provide an adaptation in which all the meanings of the original shall be literally given, and the musical emphases shall fall on the right words. The Italian version may be better or may be worse than the original, but any music which Balfe might have written to it would have been different from that to which he set the English libretto. That these were the views of Madame Balfe we are personally able to state. It was only when all hope of its fit production in the original English form had ceased, that she allowed the opera to be adapted for the Italian Operatic stage. Sir Michael Costa has written the recitatives, and supplied some few bars that were wanting; and has taken the greatest pains to ensure a good performance. Mr. Mapleson will make a liberal outlay on the *mise en scène*; the music is said to be charming (particularly the tenor song); and there is every probability that *Il Talismano* will be one of the chief successes of the season. Madame Nilsson will also appear in Rossini's *Otello*, and in other operas, and her name is an attractive feature in the prospectus.

Mdlle. Titien is little less popular. In certain grand dramatic parts she has for years been without a rival; and the announcement that she will assume the character of Queen Elizabeth, in Donizetti's opera *Roberto Devereux*, will awaken warm interest. Madame Trebelli will also contribute the aid of her exquisite vocalisation; Mdlles. Valleria, Macvitz, Roze, Risarelli, and Bauermeister are engaged for minor parts, and *débuts* will be made by Mdlle. Singelli, a *soprano leggero*, and Mdlle. Lodi, of whom report speaks highly.

Signor Campanini and Signor Fancelli are re-engaged, and it is to be hoped that the latter artiste will be more frequently heard than during last season. Signor Naudin is also engaged, and his extensive *répertoire* renders him valuable. Minor tenor parts will be filled by Signori Rinaldini, Fabbri, and Marchetti, and two new tenors, Signori Paladini and Ramini, will make their *débuts*. The *bassi* and *baritoni* are headed by Signori Rota and Agnesi, both good and popular artists, with Signori Campobello (why not Mr. Campbell?), Casaboni, and Zoboli, and that admirable *buffo cantante*, Signor Borella. Two baritones and three basses will make their *débuts*, and it will be seen that the Drury Lane army is collectively and individually strong. It has a matchless commander in Sir Michael Costa, who again assumes the *bâton*.

The Royal Italian Opera prospectus begins with the name of Adelina Patti, at this time the absolute queen of operatic artists. Her exquisite singing and fascinating acting have made her the idol of the public, and full houses may be relied upon whenever she appears. Mdlle. Albani is also a great favourite. Mdlle. Marimon, with her highly cultivated executive powers, will prove a valuable acquisition; and we shall be anxious to hear Madame Vilda, whose fine voice made a great sensation at Covent Garden three years ago, and who is said to have since acquired the stage experience and dramatic power in which at that time she was deficient. If this be true, she may prove a rival to Mdlle. Titien, and Mr. Gye will be enabled to produce a number of grand operas which he has kept shelved a long time for want of a "dramatic" *prima donna*. Madame Pauline Lucca will appear if she should arrive in England during the season, which seems doubtful. The *contralti* will include the rich-voiced Mdlle. Scalchi, and two *débutantes*; and in the second list of *soprani* will be found the names of Mdlles. D'Angeli, Pezzotta, and Smeroschi, &c., and a *débutante*, Mdlle. Diani.

Among the *tenori* are Signor Nicolini, a deservedly popular artist, Signori Pavani and Bettini, and four *débutantes*, the chief being Signor Bolis, from whom great things are expected. The *baritoni* and *bassi* are very strong— including Signori Graziani, Cotogni, Maurel, Bagagiolo, and M. Faure, with Signor Ciampi as *buffo*, and the versatile Signor Tagliafico for all sorts of parts. All the minor departments are well filled; and the important duty of conducting will be divided between Signor Vianesi and Signor Bevignani.

Mr. Gye promises to produce three out of five operas which he names. One of these, the *Promessi Sposi* of Puchielli, was promised last season. Another, by the Russian composer, Glinka, entitled *Life for the Czar*, would be welcome on many grounds, but chiefly because it has for a long time been popular in Russia, and is the first opera ever written in the Russian language. Verdi's opera, *Luisa Miller*, will be produced, with Madame Adelina Patti in the title-character; and it is possible that *Mignon* will be produced for Mdlle. Mari-

mon and Mdlle. Albani; and Mozart's *Seraglio* for Madame Vilda. We hope to hear at least the promised "three" out of these five operas. We hope also to hear the operas which Mr. Mapleson promises to add to the *répertoire* of Her Majesty's Opera (besides those previously referred to), viz.: Auber's *Fra Diavolo* and *Crown Diamonds*; Rossini's *Otello*, and Verdi's *Ernani*. But, a quarter of a century's experience has taught us the unreliability of opera prospectuses—and we shall be equally surprised and pleased if the unassuming and business-like character of this season's announcements should be indicative of greater conscientiousness as to managerial promises.

The musical public are getting tired of the everlasting repetitions of *Trovatores*, *Sonnambulas*, *Lucias*, &c., &c., &c., and the production of the operas promised by Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson would prove advantageous to them and attractive to their subscribers. During the season we shall carefully watch both Operas—and shall let our readers know "what to hear, see, and avoid."

## M. GOUNOD'S CONCERTS.

M. GOUNOD gave his third concert (of the present season) on Saturday last, at St. James's Hall. At the two previous concerts an orchestra was provided, but on Saturday last there was none, and such *morceaux* as required it were accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Gounod, who is an admirable pianist. Nevertheless, the orchestra was sadly missed; and much of that peculiar charm which belongs to M. Gounod's orchestral instrumentation was lost when the notes were transferred to the pianoforte. This was peculiarly observable in the well-known "Funeral March of a Marionette." M. Gounod played his own pianoforte arrangement of this clever composition in the most exquisite manner, and elicited a loud and hearty call for its repetition. Better pianoforte playing of the kind can hardly be conceived, and those who are familiar with the original work might easily recognize its leading features when thus transcribed by the gifted composer; but on the pianoforte it was impossible to give the variety of effect which is obtained on the orchestral work by the use of various instruments, which exchange remarks and mutter their opinions in the most amusing and fanciful manner. Still, even as a pianoforte transcription, the March was delightful to listen to, and was indeed the gem of the Concert.

M. Gounod is an admirable conductor, as well as a composer of the first rank, but no amount of directing talent can change inferior materials into good ones; and it is to be regretted that on this occasion, as on others, his works have suffered from incapacity on the part of the executants employed. This remark applies almost entirely to the vocalists, and we may cite the part-song, "Gitane," as an illustration. A fresh, bright, well harmonized work, it was spoiled by the singers, the sopranos especially being terribly flat. The best performance of the choir was in M. Gounod's setting of "Go, lovely Rose," a work which is full of thought, but is not equal to the well-known setting by Calcott. The best vocal solo was "Mignonne, voici l'Avril," sung in good style by Mlle. Morren. The "Page's Song," from *Jeanne d'Arc*, was attempted by Mrs. Weldon, with very moderate success. She should not try to introduce shakes until she has learned how to make them. Madame Schneegans sang No. 5 of the "Biondina" songs, and M. Jaquinot played two violin solos. Encores and applause were abundant throughout the concert, but they could not disguise the fact that the works of a man of undeniable genius were being presented in a disadvantageous manner owing to the inefficiency of his assistants. Justice to M. Gounod demands that this possibly unpalatable truth should be spoken.

## Musical Intelligence.

MR. CARL ROSA is, we regret to say, severely indisposed. SIGNOR FOLI will remain at Vienna until the end of next month, and will arrive in London, May 10.

SIGNOR ARDITI will return to London at the close of his engagement as conductor at the Italian Opera, Vienna.

THE NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS at the Crystal Palace will be held on the Tuesday and Thursday in the Handel Festival week, June 23rd and 25th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will appear at the Crystal Palace, March 19th and 26th, as 'Maritana'; March 24th as 'Arline' (*Bohemian Girl*), and March 31st, as 'Lucia.'

SIGNOR MONGINI is expected in London next month, and it is probable that he will be heard in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* and *Otello*.

MR. SIMS REEVES, we are glad to hear, has recovered from his recent severe illness, and is announced to make his *rentrée* this afternoon, at the Crystal Palace Concert.

The *Philharmonic Society's* First Concert this season will be given at St. James's Hall, Wednesday, March 25, at 8 P.M., under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins.

THE Albert Hall Amateurs' Orchestral Society's concert, postponed from Saturday last, owing to the arrival of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh (Patron of the Society) and his bride, will take place this evening.

THE New Philharmonic Society will give four Saturday morning and four Wednesday evening concerts at St. James's Hall, commencing on Saturday, April 18th, at 3 P.M. Dr. Wylde will in future divide the conducting with Herr Ganz, who will be a valuable auxiliary.

THE second annual Abergavenny Eisteddfod will be held on Easter Monday, April 6th. Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. John Thomas, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, are engaged. Prizes amounting to £200 will be given to the best singers, poets, players, choirs, bands, and bards.

MR. T. L. SOUTHGATE has published, in the last two numbers of the new antiquarian magazine, *Long Ago*, a highly interesting and exhaustive enquiry as to the authorship of the National Anthem; and completely establishes his theory that both the words and music existed in a fragmentary state before they finally assumed their present shape; that Dr. John Bull had nothing to do with the music, and that Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in our Alley," was the arranger and part-author of the anthem as it now stands. Mr. Southgate's essay reflects great credit on his perseverance and erudition.

## Musical Memoranda.

MONDAY, March 16.—*Monday Popular Concert*, St. James's Hall, 8 P.M. MM. Joachim, Dannreuther, Ries, Strauss, Piatti, Sir J. Benedict, and Miss Edith Wynne. *Mlle. Victoria Bunsen's Concert*, at 28, Ashley Place, 8.30 P.M.

TUESDAY, March 17.—*Opening of Her Majesty's Opera*, and performance of *Semiramide*, at Drury Lane. *Miss M. Cronin's Concert*, 94, Portland Place, 8.30 P.M. *Irish Ballad Concerts* (Morning, at 3 P.M., Evening, 8 P.M.) at St. James's Hall.

WEDNESDAY, March 18.—*Mr. Boosey's London Ballad Concert* (last but one), at St. James's Hall, 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, March 19.—*Her Majesty's Opera*, 8.30 P.M. *Crystal Palace Opera (Maritana)*, 3 P.M. *Albert Hall Choral Society's* performance of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's 'Light of the World,' Albert Hall, 8 P.M.

FRIDAY, March 20.—First performance in London of Mr. Macfarren's oratorio *John the Baptist*, by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, at Exeter Hall, 7.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, March 21.—*Crystal Palace Concert*, 3 P.M. *Saturday Popular Concert*, St. James's Hall, 3 P.M. *Her Majesty's Opera*, 8.30 P.M.

## DEATH OF MDLLE. DESCLÉE.

THE sad intelligence reaches us from Paris of the untimely death of Mdlle. Desclée, whose admirable performances at the Princess's Theatre last season, during her short engagement with Messrs. Valnay and Pitron, completely took the town by storm. Those who have not had the pleasure of seeing Desclée on the stage, can have but a faint idea of the extraordinary talent which she possessed, and it may truly be said that the French drama has lost in her its brightest ornament. We extract the following from the *Daily Telegraph*:

"The contradiction which I sent you of the report that Mdlle. Desclée was dead is no longer true. On calling at her apartment this afternoon to inquire for her I was asked to go in, and before I could well realise the fact I was suddenly brought face to face with death. There she lay, in the small and neatly but poorly furnished room in which she has passed so many, many long hours, days, and weeks of cruel suffering. A Sister of Charity knelt praying at her feet, where lay three bunches of violets, and on a table at her side was a crucifix, with two lighted candles. Her face, wrapped in the lace she used to wear with such grace, is sadly changed. Not even the first light touch of death has restored to those drawn features the expression which they wore a few months ago, while from the eyes has passed away for ever the wonderful brilliancy that lent so ever-varying an interest to her speaking face. If a stranger saw for the first time the woman lying there, he would take her to have lived through sixty instead of only thirty-seven winters in this weary world. The contrast between then and now was indeed appalling, and it was especially so to me, as on the last occasion on which I happened to see Desclée in that very apartment, she was full of her projected journey to London, and hopeful of the triumph she longed to make in certain characters from which in Paris she was shut out. On that occasion she was anxious to have the opinion of an Englishman on the kind of poems which would be fittest to read at private parties in London; and I shall never forget her enthusiasm in declaiming certain pieces for which she had a fancy, infusing into her full rich voice and mobile features as much passionate expression as though she had had an audience of two thousand to shout approval in her ear. In truth her soul was too large for that thin texture of her body; and she has passed away at the age of thirty-seven, the poet's age, at which so many ardent spirits have burnt out their mortal coverings. Desclée was singularly gay and brilliant in society, but at times, in the midst of her bright laughter, she would suddenly relapse into a reverie, her large eyes gazing into vacancy with a strangely melancholy expression, as though she were inwardly reminded of her coming doom. On such occasions she would resume conversation with a start, and with a dazed look on her features as though she had been called back from a dream where she had beheld sad sights. Desclée spoke with the utmost modesty of the high position she latterly occupied in the artistic world of Paris, and without a tinge of bitterness of the long years she had passed in obscurity and distress. I remember her saying once in reference to her early struggles: 'And yet I think I played as well then as I do now; at least I am not conscious of any difference; I used to feel as deeply, and I act just as I feel.' She told me once, with great enjoyment, the story how, after having made some mark at the Fondo, in Naples, when a member of Meynadier's well-known travelling company, she was engaged to play a short engagement at Brussels. It happened that Alexandre Dumas was there at the time, and a friend of his with whom he was dining proposed to him to see Desclée in *Diane de Lys*. Dumas refused, saying that he had seen her play some little part in Paris, and that there was nothing in her. He relented afterwards, however, and, dropping into the theatre late, was so astonished at her acting that he went round to speak to her, and there and then offered to write her a part. Desclée thought he was making fun of her, and, in spite of his assurance to the contrary, resolved to return to Italy. While there she kept up a literary correspondence with Dumas, and at length was engaged at his recommendation, at the Gymnase, at some very small salary. From this time forward the remainder of her career—to short, alas!—was a series of uninterrupted and increasing successes, which culminated in that wonderful creation "Frou-frou," wherein she has had no rival and can have no equal. Besides being the most gifted actress since Rachel, Desclée was a musician of no ordinary talent. She read fluently at sight, and could play by heart every bar of an opera which she happened to like. Gounod was the special object of her idolatry in music, and his *Romeo* her favourite work. Happening to be with her once at a performance of *Romeo* at the Opera Comique, I was much struck by her complete knowledge of the orchestration of the work, as well as at her sympathetic criticisms on all the singers. Nothing could be more quiet than the way in which this great artiste—in this respect strangely unlike her fellow-actresses—elected to live in the small third floor of a house in the mercantile and unfashionable Boulevard de Magenta, with no companion but an old servant who had attended her for years. With all Paris ready to fall at her feet, she was strangely unspoiled by success; and I have never known an artiste so intensely appreciative of the slightest personal attention that might be shown to her. She would exhibit, with childish pride, the presentation copies of his plays which M. Dumas used to have bound expressly for her, and she spoke, with tears in her eyes, of his having given her the portraits of his children. Her physical agony left her no peace for the past six months, and her very last words this morning as she died were, 'Seigneur, Seigneur, pitié; c'est trop souffrir.' It is sad indeed to know that a woman who gave such keen intellectual-delight to thousands should herself have suffered so poignantly up to the very last."

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All Advertisements intended for insertion in the Saturday's issue of the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," must be posted so as to arrive not later than Wednesday evening, addressed to "The Publisher," 9, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

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All communications intended for insertion in the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," should be addressed to "The Editor," 9, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at this Office.

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## Answers to Correspondents.

## DRAMATIC.

T. R. (Plymouth); J. W. (Hanley); J. H. H. (Birmingham); S. J. W. (Portsmouth), under consideration.  
F. T. (Bristol); W. J. (Barnsley); J. E. M. (Bedale); F. B. (Seaham Harbour), declined with thanks.  
E. L.—The letter we sent ought to serve your purpose.

## Review of the Week.

A VERY little affects some people—others have been known to take to the bottle from love, remorse, grief, pecuniary distress, and a hundred other of those violent emotions which rack the human breast. It has been reserved to Ann Connolly to fly to the demon of drink from a cause which, if hitherto unknown in the history of dipsomania, at least does justice to her heart, even if the liquor itself did not do justice to her head. We read that "Ann Connolly, described as a shabbily-dressed woman, was charged at Marlborough-street on Tuesday with being drunk and incapable. The prisoner said it was 'all through poor Sir Roger.' Some persons on being shown a portrait of Sir Roger said he was a beggar, and that so wounded her feelings that she took some drink, and took a little too much, and so got drunk. Mr. Newton fined her a shilling." The late Duke of Wellington was wont to remark that a person who was good at excuses was seldom good at anything else, and we sadly fear Ann Connolly comes within the category, though we do think while she was casting about for a palliation of her offence, she might have exercised her ingenuity a little farther, than to have saddled the responsibility on "poor Sir Roger." Two men have already been killed at Wardour Castle, rejoicing over the Claimant's conviction, and here is a poor old woman fined for over-lamenting the same event. Stern fate is anyhow as impartial as either judge or jury, and, apparently, punishes both sides alike.

We hope Mr. Tennyson will forgive us. We don't mean to be rude, and we confess that Mr. Tennyson's poetry is, as a rule, far beyond our criticism. We don't carp at his verses because he is the Poet Laureate, on the contrary, we are quite prepared to admit that even a Poet Laureate may possibly write decent stanzas at times, but for the life of us we cannot see why any poet, be he Laureate or not, should conceive it to be his duty to rush into rhyme on every possible occasion when a domestic event occurs in the Royal Family, no matter whether he feels the spirit moving him thereto or not. It is quite possible that Mr. Alfred Tennyson may feel himself under a sort of obligation to earn his butt of Sherry or whatever honorarium of the kind he is in the habit of receiving annually, but though he may be deemed capable of "calling spirits from the vasty deep," the question remains, whether "they will come when he doth call on them," and whether the poetic "afflatus" can be controlled so that Mr. Tennyson may be able to throw off an Ode to order. But if the Poet Laureate must write a given number of verses on all such occasions as those to which we refer, would it not be better if he were to present them himself and commend them to the private perusal of the person to whom they were dedicated, instead of inflicting them upon the public through the medium of the daily press. The above are merely a few suggestions which occur to us on reading the "Welcome to the Duchess of Edinburgh" which was published by the *Times* the other day, and which we do not hesitate to say, had it reached us anonymously, we should forthwith have consigned to the waste-paper basket. Anything more dreary than Mr. Tennyson's apostrophes to "Alexandrowna" (with any amount of emphasis you like to put on the *drow*) it is impossible to conceive, and reminds us of nothing so much as the final drone of a barrel organ or hurdy-gurdy. Some years ago our worthy Laureate burst forth in conventional verse in much the same style about Alexandra. Now he has had to battle with an extra syllable, and we cannot altogether congratulate him upon his success. Meanwhile the critics are silent, they feel that the whole performance is utterly unworthy of its author, and only forgive it for the sake of past services, in the same way that it would have been no disgrace to Newminster, after twenty years at the stud, if he had been beaten in a sprint race over the T.Y.O.

By this time we suppose that there are few people who are not heartily sick of the Tichborne Trial and all relating thereto, but it seems that we are not to be let off so easily. First of all we have the reporters giving us all the interesting details of the convict Orton's prison life—how he sleeps, how he likes his "skilly," and how he gets on with his oakum picking. Then we have Mr. Charles Orton

rushing into print with his confession of what a precious rascal he has been, and how for the sake of a subsidy of 18s. a-week he has allowed the whole nation to be imposed upon, and the Tichborne family half ruined in defending themselves against his brother's infamous fraud. Lastly, Dr. Kenealy has published what he doubtless intended to be an elaborate vindication of himself, but which really had the effect of still further damaging his case in the eyes of the public, and which consequently he withdrew as promptly as possible in a letter of apology before the matter had had time to become public property. Dr. Kenealy proceeds to enumerate the charges brought against him, and to deny them *scirium*, and then to repeat the identical offences, if possible in a grosser form than in the first instance, and finally apologises for his apology, and begs the world to take all that he has said in a "PICKWICKIAN" sense. We hope, for Dr. Kenealy's sake, that the benchers of Gray's-inn will regard the question in the same light; but, as far as the public is concerned, we believe we are right in expressing the general opinion that Dr. Kenealy's character and conduct, either in a public or private capacity, are matters of the supremest indifference to them in so far as the consequences thereof may affect himself, and that the sooner he retires into the obscurity of private life, and ceases to perform the process commonly known as "washing his dirty linen in public" the better we shall be pleased, and if such a thing be possible at all, the better we shall like him for the favour he will thereby be conferring upon the world at large.

MR. GLADSTONE is still in the sulks—he obstinately refuses to lead the naughty boys any longer who constitute the minority under his orders, and in effect, tells them that he will go away abroad for a time, and let them and the Liberal public through them learn the value of the services they have so unkindly rejected. As the *Post* delicately puts it:—"It savours of impatience, and it is not fair, to press upon him responsibilities which he cannot reasonably be called upon to assume. The time may come—hereafter. In February, 1875, when questions of public policy shall have assumed tangible shape, and when the divided ranks of the Liberal party may have at length agreed upon the outlines of a future policy, it may be possible to obtain once more the services of the most able orator and the greatest genius of the Opposition." Meanwhile Lord Hartington is, so report goes, to be Mr. Gladstone's warming-pan, and at any rate the selection has this recommendation, as even the *Morning Post* is prepared to admit, that his Lordship has both "temper, fairness, and tact," which the past few years have sufficiently shown Mr. Gladstone has not. Whether or not it "may be possible to obtain once more the services of the greatest genius of the Opposition," does not much concern us, and we are content that this should remain in the womb of time. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and for the present we will simply be thankful that Mr. Gladstone has at last the opportunity presented to him of enjoying that peaceful retirement which his friends have always represented him as craving for, but which nevertheless chagrined him so much, when, the other day, the voice of the country forced its acceptance upon him.

THE PROSPECTUS is issued of the London Co-operative Wine Association (Limited), the object of which is declared to be, to apply the principles of Co-operation to the High Class Wine Trade. The advantages offered are something wonderful, if we are to believe the advertisement which we have before us in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—in which we find the following—

Ports	from Vintage 1834
Madeiras	1792
Clarets	1851

With all due respect to what the Association euphemistically calls its "Governing Council"—as being a cut above a "Board of Directors" we suppose—we simply decline to believe them, and if they can produce a bottle of 1834 Port, or 1792 Madeira, we will not only drink the wine, but eat the Governing Council afterwards. The mistake modern Limited Liability Companies make is that of pitching their key too high, so that the general public cannot follow the tune, and the Co-operative Wine Association appears to be no exception to the rule. Among other baits which are thrown to the groundlings, we read "Max Greger's Hungarian Wines, bottled by himself, at a discount of 15 per cent. off his own prices." If there is one thing that would confirm us in a long formed determination never on any account to touch Hungarian wine, it would be in the fact that a retail firm of London wine merchants can afford to sell Max Greger's productions at 15 per cent. less than he can himself. The British public can swallow a good deal, but if they can swallow co-operative '34 Port, 1792 Madeira, and Carlowitz and Vosauer at 15 per cent. off manufacturers' prices, they must be more gullible than even we take them for, and that is saying a great deal.

THE recent correspondence between the Lord Mayor of London and the President of the Oxford University Boat-Club is scarcely worthy of the prominence which has been given to it by the daily press. In spite of Mr. Darbshire's weak disclaimer of any intentional discourtesy towards the Chief Magistrate of the City of London, the fact remains that the Oxford men have displayed unquestionably bad "form" both in their refusal of the invitation and in their manner of conveying it, while on the other hand Lord Mayor Lusk, as it seems to us, has been wholly wanting in a proper sense of his own dignity in the tone of the reply which he has caused to be sent to a parcel of schoolboys who have shown themselves wholly ignorant of *savoir faire* in the course they have seen fit to pursue. The case would appear to be as follows:—the Lord Mayor has gone good-naturedly out of his way to do honour to the University Crews, and Oxford has chosen to treat his compliment to them with ill-bred contempt. The only mistake that the Lord Mayor has made has been in taking any further notice of them, and writing a pettish, irritable rejoinder, instead of treating them with the indifference their want of politeness deserved. The most absurd feature in Mr. Darbshire's letter is his assumption that

the University Match is a private affair, with which the public has no concern whatever. Is he aware that to the Thames Conservancy Board and the attention of other public bodies are due the precautions which are taken year by year to enable the race to come off at all on the Thames? or does he imagine that all the river traffic is to be stopped, not for any gratification it gives to the public, but for the exclusive amusement of eight juvenile members of one of our principal Educational Establishments? The University Boat Race is either a public show like the Derby, or it is simply nothing, and instead of pooh-poohing the public interest in their sport, they ought to take it as a compliment. We may take it for granted, however, that few members of the Corporation of London will wear dark blue favours this day fortnight, and though a few ignorant lads may affect to despise Calipash and Calipee, it may safely be predicted that in after years they will see the error of their ways, and be glad to sit round that board which possibly the asceticism of training now teaches them to despise.

FEW, if any, of the sights on the route of the Royal Procession, on the occasion of the Royal Entry into London on Thursday last, can we think have surpassed that, opposite which we were fortunate enough to be located—viz., the establishment of Mr. Ahlborn, of Regent-street, the well-known silk mercer. In addition to a most liberal display of flags, and a well-executed illumination surmounted by a crown, two large stars at each corner, and "May they be Happy" in the centre, was erected a species of large private box, containing a galaxy of beauty, in the shape of some fifty young ladies arrayed in white, with sashes of the National Russian colour, each holding a splendid bouquet; in the windows, from the basement to the roof, ladies and gentlemen appeared, all bearing bouquets, and when Her Royal Highness arrived, she was greeted with a complete floral avalanche, amid the cheers of the assembled spectators. Every credit must be given to Mr. Ahlborn, to whom is certainly due the honour of having provided the best show of the day next to that of the procession itself. This was but one of the numerous agreeable incidents of the day, but we think it sufficiently worthy of notice as showing what may be done by the exercise of a little private energy and taste. The entire decorations of Regent Street and the two circuses were superb, while Oxford Street and the Edgware Road were not far behind in the race for distinction.

MR. TOOLE—previous to his projected departure for America, will fulfil an engagement at the Globe Theatre, and appear there in a new comedy by Mr. Albery.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.—Mr. Carl Rosa has decided upon founding a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music in memory of his late wife Madame Parepa-Rosa, which will bear her name. It will be awarded by competition to British-born female vocalists between the ages of 18 and 22 years, and the successful candidate will be entitled to two years' free education in the Royal Academy of Music. In connection with this scholarship there will be also a prize of a gold medal with Madame Parepa-Rosa's likeness, which will be awarded to the best female vocalist in the Royal Academy of Music at the annual public distribution of prizes in July. The first election will take place in April next, for the admission of the successful candidate at the commencement of the Midsummer term.

A NEW and original musical absurdity entitled *The Little Wonder*, by Mr. J. W. Jones, of *The Court Express* and *Town and Country*, will be performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Gravesend, to-night (Saturday) by Madame Scotti's Dramatic Company.

THE VICTORIA THEATRE, by order of the mortgagee, is to be sold by auction at the Mart, Tokehouse-yard, on Wednesday, the 25th inst., unless previously disposed of by private contract.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the Strand Theatre with their presence on Saturday evening last to witness Mr. Farini's new burlesque, *El Dorado*.

SWINDON STEEPELCHASES.—In consequence of the frost, and owing to the Croydon Meeting being driven into Friday and Saturday next, the days fixed for Swindon, the latter meeting is unavoidably postponed till the corresponding days of next week. The three stakes which close the nights preceding are advertised elsewhere.

WARD UNION HUNT STEEPELCHASES, DUBLIN.—Entries close, as will be seen by advertisement, for the Irish Grand National Steeple-chase of 500 sows, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sows, each, on the 14th inst., and the Stag Hunters' Plate of 150 sows, on the 19th, with the secretary, R. J. Hunter, Esq., 17, Adelaide-road, Dublin.

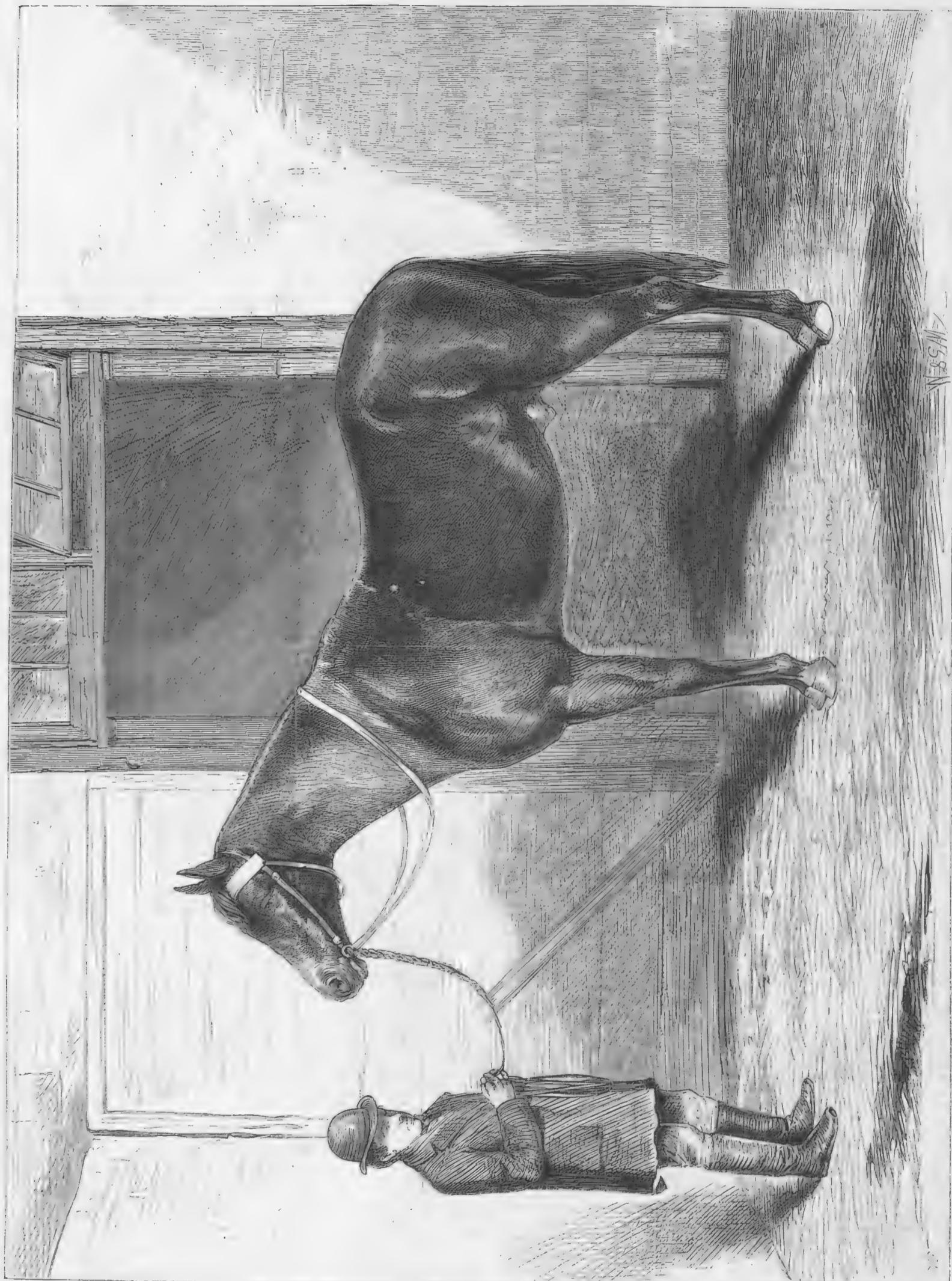
CRICKET.—The Northamptonshire Cricket Club have decided to hold a grand match at Northampton during the present season with one of the great elevens, the proceeds to be for the benefit of a townsman, T. Plumb, the celebrated wicket keeper and member of the United North of England Eleven.

ASHDOWN COURSING MEETING, OCTOBER, 1874.—Mr. Wentworth has been appointed Judge of this meeting.

DOGS.—"Stonehenge," in his celebrated work on the Dog, says, "Worms are a fertile source of disease in the dog, destroying every year more puppies than distemper itself." While the *Field* says of distemper, "All treatment to be successful must be prefaced by the expulsion of worms." "NALDRE'S POWDERS" remove these pests within one hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach, and producing first-rate condition in dogs. Price 2s., 2s., 6d., and 5s. per packet, of all chemists, and of BARCLAY & SONS, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVT.]

GOUT HAS BEEN SPORTIVELY TERMED an aristocratic ailment, because it chiefly attacks those who, possessing the means of indulging in the pleasures of the table, have given themselves up to such sensuous enjoyments. But the torturing complaint is by no means limited to the rich, and is an infliction of the severest character, and an efficacious remedy is a real blessing. This is only to be found, however, in POWELL'S RHEUMATIC EXTRACT, which, as its title implies, assails a disorder akin to Gout, and is equally serviceable in cases of Sciatica, Lumbo, &c. Its marvellous efficacy is attested by H.R.H. the Duke d'Albemarle, the late Earl of Clarendon, the Right Hon. Frances Countess Waldegrave, the Right Hon. the Countess of Radnor, and many other eminent persons, copies of whose testimonials accompany each bottle. May be obtained of all Chemists. Price 12. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. Laboratory: 111 & 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

KEEP THE HAIR UNBLEMISHED.—"I am like an old hemlock—withered at the top," said a venerable Indian chief, pointing to his thin and bleaching locks. Thousands of men and women in civilised society, much younger than the old Sugamore, are like him, "withered at the top," simply because they have neglected to use the means of preserving and beautifying the hair which science has placed at their disposal. If Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER be faithfully applied to the fibres and the scalp, it is impossible that the hair should decay, wither, or fall out. This matchless preparation not only keeps the hair alive and the skin of the head in a healthy and clean condition, but actually restores and renews the original youthful colour, multiplies the filaments, and imparts to them a lustre, flexibility, and wavy beauty unattainable by any other mode of treatment. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Price 6s. Depot: 114 & 116, Southampton-row, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]



A WARM CORNER AT COBHAM.—“MACARONI.”

(Drawn by W. R. BUCKMAN, from a Photograph by Col. STUART WORTLEY'S New Dry Process.)



HENRY CONSTABLE.

## HENRY CONSTABLE.

Few lads of late years have risen so quickly to the high position he has already attained for himself by his straightforward conduct and devotion to his duties as the subject of this notice, Henry Constable. The son of a small tradesman, he was born at Birmingham on the 10th of April, 1851, and at a very early age removed with his father to Harrow, where, however, the humbleness of the means at the disposal of his family did not permit him to take any advantage of its famous school. His education was not, however, entirely neglected, as for two or three years he was a regular attendant at Mr. Crofton's academy at Kensal Green, whither he walked, a distance of several miles, every morning, returning home at night. When still very young, and weighing no more than 4st., his father having become acquainted with Mr. T. Stevens of Chilton, he entered his service as exercise-lad, and on the Ilesley Downs took his first lessons in the pig-skin, under the eye of that experienced trainer, in whose employment he remained two years. Being of a roving disposition, he then found his way from Chilton into Sussex, where he engaged with Edwin Parr, who was then in charge of Lord St. Vincent's horses in training at Telscombe, and with him he remained about a twelvemonth. He thence bent his steps to Epsom, and found a home with the late Wm. Reeves at Down Cottage, to whom, fortunately for himself, his father bound him for a term of five years.

At Down Cottage he got on remarkably well, for Reeves was not slow to discover that in little Constable he had both a careful, willing lad, and a courageous, clever rider; but unhappily his apprenticeship came to an abrupt termination when he had served four years, by the rather sudden death of his master in 1871, when he located himself at Epsom, and took to riding on his own account. Constable made his first appearance in public at Wye, in 1870, on his master Wm. Reeves's Skittles, whom he rode 6st. 2lbs., but in his maiden effort he was not more fortunate than Fordham or Chaloner, as the mare was well beaten by Mortlake, ridden by Jeffrey; but in his next essay, riding also his master's mare Red Hind, 2 yrs. 6st. 8lb., at Gravesend and Meopham, he steered her with such coolness, skill, and courage round the ugly turns of that tortuous course, that he not only gained a clever victory, but impressed his ability in such a marked manner on the many good judges present, that his services thenceforth became in great demand. In that race he beat "Speedy" Payne, which was no small feather in his cap; and another of his early victories was riding Labyrinth at West Drayton, when he beat Jarvis on Indigestion, again showing his ability to get round turns. His first regular master was Mr. C. Brookes, for whom he rode Lady Scarlet and other horses on many occasions with such skill and success that Mr. Pryor and Lord Wilton, doubtless by the advice of their clever trainer T. Wadlow, secured the second and third claim on his services at the commencement of 1872. At Goodwood that year he won his first great race on Botheration for the Chichester Stakes, a piece of good fortune he followed up next day by winning the Chesterfield Cup on the same horse. At Brighton he obtained a clever victory with Proto Martyr for the stakes, and by a fine piece of jockeyship he got that shifty horse first past the goal for the Lewes Grand Handicap when not another effort appeared to be left in him. But unquestionably his finest race that year was beating Chaloner on Hobart for the Queen's Plate

at Hampton with Westland, who appeared to be quite done with a distance from home. Constable rode altogether in 1872, 294 races, 67 of which he won, finishing third to C. Maidment and T. French, who won respectively in that year 81 and 75 races.

In 1873 he very early took the lead and kept it, being put up in 397 races, no fewer than 110 of which he won. His principal successes were winning the May Stakes at Newmarket on Madge Wildfire, beating French on Landmark, Fordham on Roquefort, and ten others. At the Lewes Spring Meeting he got second for the Stakes on Proto Martyr, and later in the year, on this favourite Sussex course, won the De Warrenne Handicap on Tangible. At Hampton he for the second time carried off the Queen's Guineas on Westland, beating Mordan on Mornington after a rattling race by a head. In the ducal park at Goodwood he steered Oxford Mixture into the third place behind Sister Helen and Modena for the Stewards' Cup; and knowing his way to the winning-post from having won it the previous year on Botheration, he was only just beaten for the Chesterfield Cup on Louise Victoria, by Fordham on Drummond. At York fortune shone upon him, as he carried off the Bradgate Park Stakes on Arcesilaus, the Badminton Stakes on Vengeresse, the Harewood Plate on Pearl, and the Great Ebor Handicap on Louise Victoria, beating Fordham on Shannon and a strong field besides. At Doncaster his sole success was on Conspiracy, for the Westmorland Stakes. Returning to the south for the First October at Newmarket he carried off the Triennial Produce Stakes for Mr. Cartwright on George Frederick, beating Archer on Folengo, and eight others. And his good fortune stuck to him to the close of the season, as he won the Column at Shrewsbury for Mr. Payne with Flurry, and by his advice and at his solicitation Lord Lonsdale, after his being defeated by Louise Victoria for the Severn Cup on the day previous, started King Lud for the Shrewsbury Cup, which he won, beating Mordan on Flurry, and turning the tables on Louise Victoria, with whom Newhouse could only manage to get third; and he wound up the season brilliantly at Warwick, where he won the Guy Cup on Visor, and three other races. Henry Constable in the saddle is the *beau ideal* of what a jockey ought to be, his seat being neatness itself, while he has a quick eye, and the finest hands, with an iron nerve that causes him to be as much at home on the tortuous country course as on the plains of Newmarket. Nor, extraordinary and rapid as has been his rise, is he puffed up with an inordinate good opinion of himself, but is as friendly with the youngest of his fellow jockeys as he is popular with his masters and the public generally. Mr. Chaplin has the first claim on his services, and after him Mr. Pryor and Mr. Savile.

## DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER GREEN.

One of the foremost cross-country riders of his day, or indeed of any time, Christopher Green, twice victor of the "Grand National"—the Derby of Steeple-chasing—and of many other notable events, has been gathered to his last home, as he died on the 26th ult., and was laid to rest at Wisbeach, beside his wife—whose death only preceded his a very short time—on Monday week. The son of a small landowner and farmer resident in Suffolk, not far from Wisbeach, "Cris"—the familiar name he was chiefly known by—was born in 1820, and spent his youth in the farming pursuits followed by his father. All the while,

however, his taste was for hounds and horses, and being a lithe, neat figure, his weight when at man's age not exceeding 9st., he was never in want of a mount, such of the neighbouring farmers as had a hunter to sell, being only too glad to put him up. From showing off his friends' horses in the hunting-field, the transition to steer them in the neighbouring farmers' steeple-chases was easy; and prior to 1850, when his name first came prominently before the sporting world, he achieved several little victories in Suffolk and Norfolk. In the spring of 1850 he rode Hope for the Grand Annual at Lincoln, in which the writer of this notice ran Abd-el-Kader, who was so badly ridden that he leaped on the wrong side of one of the flags soon after starting and was pulled up; nor did it fare any better with Hope, who might, nevertheless, have won had he not possessed the most wayward of tempers, upon which all Cris Green's fine riding was thrown away. It did not, however, escape notice in the particular quarter where his services were required in the following week, viz., to ride Abd-el-Kader for the Grand National; and on the completion of the engagement on Friday afternoon the party adjourned to the theatre, where they occupied the stage-box, and had their spirits not a little cheered by one of the company singing "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," thrusting his hand almost into the faces of the rest in the heartiness of his gesticulations. And sure enough the "good time" was coming, and came from the first, for the train from Lincoln to Manchester on the following day, Saturday, happened to be too late to catch the last ordinary train to Liverpool; but happily, there was a thorough sportsman in the directory at Manchester, who ordered the horse-box, which also contained Mr. Elmore's British Yeoman, to be attached to the express train, and not only that, but gave directions that on reaching Liverpool it should be taken back to the Preston Road Station, within a mile of Aintree, which was nevertheless not reached until near midnight. Next morning the horse looked so big, that it was resolved to sweat him, and he was ridden by "Cris," who, when asked his opinion about him on pulling up, smiled in his quiet way, and said: "he had never ridden his like before, and that if no accident befel him, he was sure to win;" a prophecy that was fulfilled on the following Wednesday afternoon, by his galloping down his thirty-one opponents, and winning in 9m. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., so full of running, that he might have readily gone another round. Such was Cris Green's first great victory, and which subsequently obtained for him many a good mount. Besides riding for Mr. Willoughby, his chief victories were obtained in the late Ben Land's colours, as for him he won no end of races, but after the lapse of a few years having resolved to set up for himself, he removed to Littleport, in the Isle of Ely, where he soon got the management of several steeple-chase horses. It was easier to find stabling than a country to train over, but having happily secured the friendship of Mr. H. Jones of Aps Hall, he obtained from him liberty to train his horses over his grounds, and there it was that Half Caste learned his fine quick style of jumping, and commenced that preparation—subsequently finished at Newmarket—which enabled him to carry "Cris" for the second time triumphant to the goal for the Grand National, in his journey over the plains of Aintree in 1859. At that period he had a pretty good stable of horses, as among them were Half Caste, Old Dog Tray, Lady Harkaway, Abd-el-Kader (Lord Strathmore's), The

Scrow, Fox, Yeoman, &c., and several good races fell to them. That there is something contagious in the love of horses there can be no question—it has been proved so often, and it was doubtless to the friendship that subsisted between Green and Mr. Jones, and his seeing the bang-tails flying over the fences at Aps Hall, that induced the latter to join "Cris" in breeding from Gala, and subsequently from Tomyris, so that had not Green settled in the Fens there would probably have been no Hester nor Prince Charlie. From Littleport, Green removed to Newmarket early in 1859, taking with him Half Caste, and the other horses enumerated above, and where subsequently he trained Friar of Aps Hall, Tomyris, Reporter, and several others, with more or less success; but he soon found, notwithstanding Half Caste's victory at Aintree, that, however fit the Heath might be to train horses for the flat, there is no rough-and-ready country sufficiently near the metropolis of the Turf to keep steeple chasers *au fait* to their business. In 1870 Green entered into the service of Earl Poulett, and removed to Droxford, where he trained The Lamb for his second victory at Liverpool in 1871, since when, on the death of his father, he retired from public life, and has since resided at Wisbeach. As a cross-country jockey he had few equals, for to the most indomitable pluck he added rare judgment, never being taken aback in a difficulty; he had a firm and at the same time elegant seat, and the finest hands. It mattered not what kind of horse he was put on, for he was equally at home on the puller as on the slug, and those who saw him send along Abd-el-Kader and cut down the largest and one of the best fields of horses that ever started for the "Grand National," will remember it to their dying hour. Peace be to his shade; he has gone to the "happy hunting grounds," in which may he be happy!

## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874.

It is just eleven years ago since the Laureate tuned his harp to welcome a bride-elect to these shores in the form of that gracious Princess, who during the period she has ornamented the English Court, has drawn the hearts of all England towards her, and become a byword in English households for all that is good and gentle and womanly. The "Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea" could boast descent from an ancient and honourable dynasty, but Danish simplicity has never attempted the semi-barbaric splendour which distinguishes the Russian Court. Now our great Alfred "strikes the golden lyre again" in honour of Alexandrovna, bride of his namesake sailor prince, and the "thunder of fort and fleet" and "thundering cheer of the street" have rung out in honour of Duke and Duchess. Not twenty years before, the guns of the Russian and British fleets, which but lately boomed out their united salutes to the Prince and his bride, were arrayed against each other in the Baltic and Black Seas, and many of those who commanded or manned yards on Saturday last will cherish bitter recollections of the days when they "went in" at the forts of Sebastopol in the wake of the *Agamemnon*, or kept up a sulky blockade of Russian fortresses in the Northern Sea under the blustering auspices of Sir Charles Napier. We are not of those who would draw an omen either of peace or war from the splendid ceremonial lately concluded at St. Petersburg; but we would join hands with all classes in our welcome to the fair young bride who has gained her first insight into English manners and customs during the past week. And because the Lion and the Bear have shaken paws, we do not the more believe in the impossibility of some future rupture, when appetites are whetted by long abstinence from strife, and the "Eastern question," like Banquo's ghost, comes to disturb convivialities. We are content to hope for the best, watching carefully, but not anxiously, for that "black cloud" in the horizon (which we trust may long delay its appearance), and enjoying to the full the sunshine of the present hour.

The Imperial lady who comes to take up her abode among us, at least for part of the year, hails from a country to which Sport has not as yet extended his dominion. In common with the most uncivilised nations who depend upon hunting for their subsistence, Russia can boast of a Nimrod race amid the frozen regions over which her serfs are scattered; but as yet she knows nothing of the refinement of sport, such as will present itself to her daughter's astonished eyes, when she has gained a further insight into English pastimes. The pursuit of the bear or wolf in bleak and inhospitable regions will contrast strangely with the pomp and circumstance of a Royal Hunt over highly cultivated acres; and the splendid accessories of sport in this country will suggest anything but happy comparisons with the wilder character of the chase in "holy Russia." In a nation where development of art and science proceeds but slowly, and which takes time to recover from military disasters, owing to want of elasticity in its revenues or buoyancy of public credit, it cannot be expected that money should be forthcoming for those luxuries which soon become necessities to highly civilised communities. Besides, sport, such as we regard it in a *national* light, cannot be enjoyed by the privileged few to the exclusion of the masses; and we can-

not imagine the continuance of our present hunting and racing systems without the co-operation of those who are recipients of the benefits conferred by their superiors in wealth and position. It must needs be a long time before English sports become thoroughly acclimated in the Empire of the Czar; but when we regard their increasing popularity in localities where we might have imagined they could never take root, who shall be bold enough to predict that we may not yet stand on some barren steppe to see a Russian Derby, follow the fox or stag o'er field and through forest, or see the gaze-hound slipped within sight of the Kremlin?

Yet, notwithstanding all this apathy towards sport in a national sense, the science of horse-breeding was known and cultivated in the Russian capital by its Imperial master long before France had shown signs of imitating perfidious Albion by her adoption of English notions of sport—long before Germany had thought of improving her cavalry mounts by importing the best and most fashionable blood from our islands. The brisk *Messoo* had but a remote idea of avenging Waterloo with *Gladiateur*, and the Teuton had not imbibed the first rudiments of racing, when Nicholas was inspecting draughts of "thoroughbreds from Hull" imported under the management of Mr. Kirby. Those who care to inquire into the details of the traffic in racehorses between England and Russia, had best consult that inimitable chapter of the "Druid's," where the story of sea-passage, and parade, and inspection, has been so graphically told. But beyond these Imperial predilections for sport amid the frosts and snows of his native land, has not the name of the Czar become immortally associated with the Emperor's Plate at Ascot, which for the nine years of its duration saw such distinguished names as those of Tho-Emperor, Alarm, The Hero, Van Tromp, The Dutchman, and Teddington enrolled among its winners? Do not the Cesarewitch and Grand Duke Michael Stakes recall other memories of the turf patronage of the proud house of Romanoff; titles of races which have survived the recollections of Alma and Inkermann, and still hold their own among the classical contests of the Newmarket Autumn Programmes? Posterity will count these as more than mere complimentary allusions to the interest taken by a mighty potentate in the national sports of a sister kingdom, and we assess them at their true value as indications of that love of racing which increases with the progress of civilization as naturally as the cultivation of Art and Science.

Something more than a rumour announces the Czar's intention of coming amongst us in May, and already has it been hinted that a pilgrimage to Epsom on the Derby Day may form part of that round of mingled business and pleasure which in these days of rapid locomotion is assigned to distinguished personages while on a visit to other countries. He will see, as some Turf writer has well remarked, "the best stand and the worst telegraph in the world," and will have an opportunity of observing the demeanour of the masses on their great holiday, and of drawing from thence some idea of the desirability of encouraging a popular sport. He may not inherit his father's enthusiasm for racing, but he cannot help considering so wonderful a national demonstration worthy of study and reflection as bearing upon the important question of the best means for providing amusement in a rational form. Admiral Rous will keep him well posted up in minor details, as well as the more important question of the deterioration of the thoroughbred since the days when Nicholas held sway over all the Russias, and the tumult of the Ring may fall upon his startled ear, like the voices of his serfs rejoicing over their emancipation, or the multitudinous shout of his army when he rides down their lines on some festal day.

We know very little of the hold taken by the Drama upon Muscovite tastes, but the Czar may be woefully disappointed in our ideas of operatic administration as compared with that of musical art in his own capital. The lavish patronage and munificent support accorded to the Pattis and Nilssons of our day on the banks of the Neva may put our humbler scale of perfection to shame, but he will doubtless be led to acknowledge the generally healthier tone of our national recreations, in which outdoor sports form so prominent and important a part.

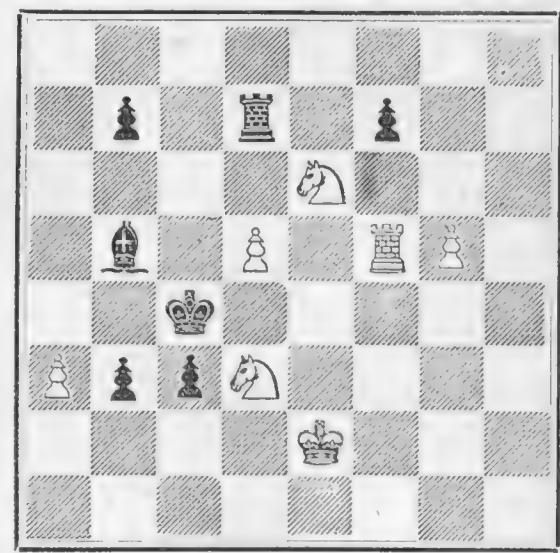
**COURONNE DE FER.**—This Derby favourite is announced for sale by public auction, at Newmarket, on Thursday, the 19th inst., by the Messrs. Tattersall, after the sale of the racing stud of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild. His stable-companions, Packington, and a three-year-old filly by The Duke out of Curaçoa, will also be sold at the same time.

**DEATH OF COUNT RENARD.**—The death of Count Renard is reported at Berlin on Saturday last. For some time past he had been troubled with a growth on the drum of the ear, for which he sought surgical assistance at Vienna. An operation was performed, which for a time seemed to promise well, but a change for the worse set in last week, and resulted in death. The nomination of Hochstapler for the Lincolnshire Handicap is consequently void, and all bets made on the horse are off. The other nominations rendered void by the loss of a nobleman who was an ornament to the turf of England, as well as to that of Germany, are Hochstapler for the Newmarket Handicap, and Il Maestro for the Great Metropolitan Stakes, Chester Cup, and the Northamptonshire Stakes.

## Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM NO. 2.—BY W. B.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 1.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to K R 4 1. K to Q B 4  
2. Q to K 5 2. Anything.  
3. B mates.

The following game was recently played in the Handicap now pending at the City of London Chess Club.

[RUY LOPEZ' KNIGHT'S GAME.]

WHITE (MR. DE VERE).	BLACK (MR. ZUKERTORT).
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. P to Q R 3
4. B to Q R 4	4. Kt to K B 3
5. Q to K 2 (a)	5. P to Q Kt 4
6. B to Q Kt 3	6. B to Q Kt 2 (b)
7. Kt to Q B 3 (c)	7. B to Q B 4
8. P to Q 3	8. Castles
9. B to K Kt 5 (d)	9. P to K R 3
10. B to K R 4	10. Kt to Q 5 (e)
11. Kt takes Kt	11. P takes Kt
12. Kt to Q Kt sq (f)	12. B to K 2
13. Castles	13. P to Q 4
14. B takes Kt	14. B takes B
15. P to K 5	15. B to K 2 (g)
16. P to K B 4	16. P to Q B 4
17. P to Q R 3	17. Q to Q 2
18. Kt to Q 2	18. Q R to K sq
19. Q to K R 5	19. P to K B 3 (h)
20. Kt to K B 3	20. P takes P (i)
21. Kt takes P	21. Q to Q 3
22. Q R to K sq	22. P to Q B 5 (k)
23. P takes P	23. Q P takes P
24. Kt takes P (l)	24. P takes Kt
25. B takes P (ch)	25. K to R 2
26. R to Q 6	26. Q to Q B 4
27. R takes R P (ch)	Resigns (m)

NOTES.

(a) This old-fashioned move appears latterly to be coming into vogue again. It is, however, decidedly inferior to either 5. Castles, or 5. P to Q 1.

(b) The best reply, anticipating White's threatened advance of the Q R P two squares.

(c) Better, apparently, than 7. Kt to K Kt 5, to which Black could rejoin advantageously with 7. Kt to Q 5, winning a piece if White venture to take the King's Bishop's Pawn.

(d) We should have preferred 9. B to K 3 at this point.

(e) The attack is all gone, and the second player thus early has the better game.

(f) If— 12. Kt to Q 5 12. B takes Kt

13. B takes B 13. P to Q B 3

11. B to Q Kt 5 (ch) 14. B to Q Kt 5 (ch)

And Black has a marked advantage.

(g) Had he played 12. R to K sq, White could have safely replied with 13. P to K B 4.

(h) A good reply, but 19. P to Q B 5 looks still better.

(i) This was premature, as it allows the adverse Knight to come into play with fatal effect. The correct move was 20. P to Q B 5, which would have given Black a great superiority.

(k) Too late; ye cannot enter now!"

(l) Well played; White now wins in a canter.

(m) He has no resource; if 27. P takes R, White checks with Bishop, and Black must interpose the Rook in order to avoid immediate mate. In justice to Mr. Zukertort, it is but fair to state that though defeated in the present instance, he won two out of the three games contested with his present opponent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Solutions of Problem No. 1 by J. B. and W. F. are correct.

W. T. P.—You will see that we are not in a position to accept your offer.

## THE INTER-UNIVERSITY CHESS MATCH.

The match between the Chess Clubs of Oxford and Cambridge, which now bids fair to become an annual event, is fixed for Friday, March 27, the eve of the Boat Race, and will take place at the rooms of the City of London Chess Club, Milk Street, Cheapside. We can only express our surprise that the University players have not selected a more central locality for their Tournament.

THE DECAY OF THE TEETH AND GUMS arises from neglect and the use of tooth powders, pastes, and washes, which for a time whiten the teeth, but, being composed of mineral and deleterious compounds, utterly ruin the enamel. *Rowlands' Odonto*, being entirely free from all poisonous ingredients, is the best dentifrice that can be obtained. Price 2s. 6d. per box. *Rowlands' Macassar Oil* for the hair, Price 3s. 6d.; double that size, 7s. and 10s. 6d. per bottle, in which latter size there is a great saving, it being equal to four small bottles. Of all Chemists.—[ADVT.]

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Dismiss your doubts; let no one be longer oppressed with the notion that his malady is incurable till these purifying Pills have had a fair trial. After other preparations had failed, these Pills have been used with the most marked success. A course of this admirable medicine clears the blood from all impurities, and thus improves its quality. The whole system is benefited through the usual channels without loss of strength, shock to the nerves, or other inconvenience; in fact, health is renewed by natural means. For curing diseases of the throat, windpipe, and chest, these Pills have established a pre-eminently world-wide fame, and in complaints of the stomach, liver, and kidneys they are equally efficacious. They are composed of rare balsams, without a grain of mercury or other deleterious substance.—[ADVT.]

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HENRY HALL DIXON, Esq.—“THE DRUID.”

## THE “DRUID.”

We offer no apology to our readers for taking the earliest opportunity of laying before them the portrait and memoir of one who by his example and writing did more to ennoble and exalt sport than any author of our time. In these days of flashiness and sensationalism, when every journal boasts of its racing correspondent, it is refreshing to turn from a gaudy style, interspersed with bad French and indifferent Latin quotations, and seasoned by hosts of inverted commas, to the purer diction and more classical composition of the subject of this biography. We are indebted to the *Sporting Magazine* of April, 1870, for the following narrative :

“Henry Hall Dixon was born in Cumberland, on May 16th, 1822, and was the second son of Peter Dixon, a large cotton spinner, residing near Carlisle. When he was nine years old he had a bad attack of ophthalmia, and for six-and-twenty years he was constantly subject to this disease, which sometimes kept him in a darkened room and complete idleness for a month at a time. At sixteen he went to Rugby, just when that school was in the very zenith of its fame, under Dr. Arnold. For that greatest of all schoolmasters he ever felt a deep veneration, naming one of his sons after him, and invariably speaking of him in the highest terms. Owing to repeated interruptions to his work from the cause we have mentioned, he never got into the sixth form, and, but for his fine natural ability and immense capability for work, he would not have been as high in the school as he was. This was a great disappointment to him, as he had always looked forward to that constant intercourse with Dr. Arnold which the sixth enjoyed. With his schoolfellows he was never very popular, from his disinclination for their games and sports; but they could not help feeling respect for him, when, to avoid being incessantly badgered to join in the big side runs, he jumped a gate some five feet five inches in height, and said he would run as often as they pleased, if any boy in the school could follow him over it. ‘Dixon’s Gate’ was for years shown to many a wondering new comer, but its godfather was never troubled to run. ‘Tom Brown’ and the Rev. G. Bradley, the present head-master of Marlborough, were at Rugby with him; while in his own house (Mr. Price’s) were Hodson, of ‘Hodson’s Horse’; Seton-Karr, the Indian Foreign Secretary; and Temple, the Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer.

“Henry Dixon went to Trinity College, Cambridge, when he was about twenty, and in his first year did well, taking first classes in both his college examinations. Then his eyes gave way again, and in spite of working desperately when allowed to do so, he could never make up for the lost time. Still he was a sound classical scholar, never forgot what he had learnt, and, though he had no time to keep up his reading, was always too good for any of his sons in Latin or Greek. After leaving college he commenced reading for the bar, was married at the age of twenty-five, and went to live at Doncaster. Coursing was perhaps his favourite sport; indeed, not long before his death we heard him remark that he would sooner win a Waterloo Cup than a Derby; and many a curious story have we been told about his brace of greyhounds, Spike and Pancake.

“In 1850 Henry Dixon came to London, and immediately commenced ‘Turf Pencillings’ in the *Sporting Magazine*, under the signatures of ‘General Chassé’ and ‘The Druid.’ He had an almost morbid horror of what he called ‘mere reporting,’ and it was always his prime object to bring the whole scene of whatever he might be depicting vividly before the reader’s eye. Perhaps no man ever succeeded so perfectly in this, and to any complaint that his meaning was occasionally obscure, he invariably replied, ‘I write for those who understand the subject.’ About 1853 he was called to the bar, and went the Midland Circuit several times; but the requirements of a rapidly increasing family made it impossible for him to brook ‘the law’s delay’ in rewarding those who devote their lives to it, and, finding that his writing fully occupied his time, he dropped his original profession entirely. If, however, his life had been spared, he intended to have re-commenced practice as a barrister, and those who knew his natural powers of speaking and indomitable energy, cannot doubt that he would have made himself a name at the bar. His first book, ‘Post and Paddock,’ which appeared in 1856, mainly consisted of Sam Chifney’s life, derived almost entirely from his brother’s lips; and in all his books and writings he was especially fond of describing a scene in the narrator’s own words. Dick Christian’s famous lectures are, perhaps, the best examples of his partiality for this style of writing. His father, who had been much annoyed by his abandoning his original profession, was still more indignant at the appearance of a sporting book by him, and remonstrated very strongly on the point. Dixon made little reply, but set to work secretly on ‘The Law of the Farm.’ In all his life of hard work he never laboured quite as he did between 1853 and 1856. In the morning he was engaged on his current newspaper and magazine work; then came six hours devoted to his law book in the Middle Temple Library; on his return home he never missed half-an-hour’s play with his children, and, unless ‘Silk and Scarlet’ had advanced two or three pages before he went to bed, he always considered that he had ‘lost a day.’ The secret of his book was well kept, and one morning when his father came downstairs, he found ‘The Law of the Farm’ lying on the breakfast table, with a note from his son, hoping that he would consider it an improvement on ‘Post and Paddock.’ The old gentleman’s laconic reply was a cheque for £100; but his pleasure must have been considerably damped by the speedy appearance of ‘Silk and Scarlet.’ Henry Dixon always looked back with pride to this part of his career; and well he might, for it is an unparalleled feat for a man to produce a standard law book with his right hand, and a standard sporting work with his left.

“‘Scott and Sebright’ was published in 1862, and though never so popular as his previous books, the author, and some few who studied it carefully, always maintained that it was his best work. Indeed, it has hardly had fair play, as quotations are frequently made from it and attributed to ‘Silk and Scarlet.’ About 1859 he commenced a series of papers in the *Mark Lane Express*, entitled the ‘Herds of Great Britain,’ of which he visited upwards of eighty; and from that time he tired of racing, and turned his attention far more to cattle and farming matters. He

won four of the Royal Agricultural Society’s prize essays, and was visiting and reporting on some farms for it last year, when he became so ill that he was compelled to cancel the engagement. He also wrote the annual report of the Smithfield Club in 1867-8-9. It is not surprising that his next book should bear witness to his altered tastes; and accordingly, ‘Field and Fern, or Scottish Flocks and Herds,’ which came out in 1865, and of which he was always very fond, touches but lightly on racing matters. He thoroughly enjoyed riding about Scotland on his £10 pony, collecting materials for this book; and yet, latterly, he could not help sadly acknowledging that ‘it was then I got my death wound.’ ‘From the Orkneys to Kensington,’ on the back of his pony, without stopping at an hotel, was afeat with which he was immensely pleased, and which won him a bet of a sovereign from the Editor of *The Field*. The indefatigable little mare was then sold to the late Sir Charles Knightley, and true to her antecedents, despised conveyance by rail, and was ridden from Kensington to Fawsley by his eldest son.

“The last five years of Henry Dixon’s life were very sad, owing to incessant illnesses and increased difficulty of breathing; but no man ever struggled on more nobly or patiently. To the very end his powers of writing were vigorous and unimpaired, and it is generally admitted that ‘Saddle and Sirloin’ (Part North), is fully equal to his other works. His health gave way rapidly at last, and he died on the 16th of March, 1870, in his forty-eighth year, quite worn out by sickness and hard work.”

To those interested in racing lore and old reminiscences of the Turf, no more genial companion could be found than The Druid, whether his diffuse and varied information took the shape of conversation or book lore. His labour in collecting, collating, and condensing facts must have been enormous, and his peculiar gift of welding all into one harmonious whole a rare and valuable one. No one can peruse even the least interesting of his many contributions to sport without feeling that the man had his heart thoroughly in the task, and that his compilations were a labour of love to a mind peculiarly capable of grasping and retaining main points without wearying by fulsome repetition. He condescended to the minutest details without undue prolixity, and a pleasant, chatty, and agreeable vein runs through all his productions. He touched upon well-nigh every branch of sport, and it may be truly said of him that he touched nothing which he did not adorn, not clothing his narrative in the ornamented and elegant diction of a Livy, but with the vigour, conciseness, and fidelity of a Tacitus. The past, perhaps, had greater charms with him than the present, and hence there were many who would fain desert his terse method interspersed with authentic anecdote, for the more florid style and elaborate gossip of his contemporary ‘Argus.’ The Druid loved to garnish up sayings and stories heard by some Yorkshire fireside or Scottish ingle, to go on a pilgrimage to the training grounds of England, picking up traits of human and equine celebrities, and to inspect the ‘instruments of gaming’ in their quiet home retreats with more poetical association, than to acquire a passing acquaintance with them in the hurry and turmoil of the race-course. Hence, as he said of himself, the betting ring afforded him no pleasure or occupation save that which could be attained

by picking up bits of character here and there, and associating them with those annals of Turf history which have found no more faithful and reliable chronicler. All narration of his wanderings bears the same consistently truthful character which attached to all his social relations in life. His chiefest interest was doubtless centred in the horse, but he was equally at home in all matters relating to hound and herd, and warmly attached to those outdoor pursuits which he looked upon as necessary to the formation of character in the sportsman and gentleman. There was a total absence of slang, and entire disinclination for those vulgar propensities which have, in latter days, surrounded the attributes of sport. His descriptions are life-like; and his excellent memory enabled him to compare without prejudice, and discuss without passion. His friends were legion, and his enemies self-made; for, while none could doubt the thorough good faith of all he spoke and wrote, those who differed from him in opinion could not help acknowledging the singular candour and consistency of his arguments. He was not thick and thin partisan, and had no pet hobbies to air or theories to vindicate. He laid down no law, but was ever ready to give a fair and impartial hearing to all sides. To those just entering upon the *terra incognita* of sport he showed himself the most delightful companion, taking no high and haughty tone, but laying open his fund of experience and anecdote to the merest tyro. There was the true ring of sterling metal about all he said and did, and an open and thorough contempt for all unfairness in argument or in action. He gave each man his due, not truckling to expediency, but speaking out conscientiously without any attempt to wound feelings, or any ambition to be considered sensational. He strove solely for good report, hating notoriety, and preferring the "quiet life" to the perpetual round of excitement which is ever the aim of "spirits of that order which make for themselves great reverses." His contributions to sporting literature were as widely recognized and esteemed as his services were in constant demand for all degrees of high-class journalism. Happily, unlike the more transient productions of those who laboured in the same field with himself, he is still amongst us in his works, and "Silk and Scarlet," "Scott and Sebright," with the other well-known alliterative titles of his books, will be read as long as England continues to produce a race of sportsmen. Boasting of a liberal education at the University, and a not uncongenial training at the bar, he was naturally enabled to take higher ground than those into whose hands it has fallen to discuss sporting subjects. Yet there were none of his fellow workers who felt or showed jealousy to the man of whom all might well be proud, and their testimonies to whose worth were as unanimous as they were sincere. Everywhere was he a welcome guest in all sporting circles, and establishments otherwise jealously guarded and hermetically sealed would be opened to his inspection, because their manager knew his motives to be above that petty prying into secrets and subsequent disclosure of privileged communications which are too often the objects of such visitations.

Such individuals may be described as having no private life to record, inasmuch as it is merged in their public character, and presents no especial features worthy of record beyond a tribute to those domestic virtues into which it would be inexpedient for the purposes of this sketch to penetrate. We, who enjoyed but too short and imperfect an acquaintance with him to carry our narrative into the confines of friendship, would fain end here, only joining in the universal lament that he had not longer been spared to us. The place he occupied in sporting literature is not likely to be speedily filled; but he lived long enough to show how the purest and noblest features of sport may be most worthily illustrated, without trenching upon forbidden ground, or adorning his narrative with any other aids than those of truth and justice.

### Billiards.

An entertainment match played at Kidderminster at the end of last week, between W. Cook and John Roberts, jun., was noteworthy from the very fine form shown by the latter. The Champion went away with a break of 131 (forty spot strokes); Roberts, however, soon caught and passed him with a brilliant contribution of 171. A 96 from Cook once more placed him just in front; but his opponent replied with 271, and, after the interval, put together a brilliantly played 225, which included some magnificent all-round cannons, thus winning easily, and having made 563 in about twenty-five minutes.

Cook was again doomed to defeat at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, when he attempted to concede S. W. Stanley 120 in 500. The latter made breaks of 45, 41, and 122 (thirty "spots"), and won by 229 points.

We have just suffered from another of the perennial outbursts against the spot stroke; several alterations in the pockets, position of the spot, rules of the game, &c., by which it may be extinguished, have been suggested, and, as usual, matters have been left just as they were. To our mind these suggestions are about on a par with, and deserve as much serious consideration as, the proposals to increase the height and breadth of the wickets, which were so freely offered at the time that Mr. W. G. Grace first began to set all kinds of bowling at defiance. There are many thousands of billiard players, of whom we may fairly assume that some hundreds diligently practise the spot stroke, yet how many may be confidently relied on to make thirty consecutive red hazards in a game of 1000 up! The answer is easily given: W. Cook, J. Bennett, J. Roberts Jun., S. W. Stanley, T. Taylor, and probably, W. Timbrell. So that as soon as six players, by great patience and practice, have gained the mastery over a particular stroke which requires wonderful delicacy of touch, and the greatest knowledge of strength, that stroke is at once to be suppressed. If this principle of "barring" were once admitted, it is easy to see that the game would soon be ruined. A man gifted like the present champion would at once turn his attention to another lucrative stroke, and we should shortly see Cook making an endless succession of losers into the middle pockets. These "losers" would then, of course, be barred, and so we might go on, till every stroke on the table by which a player could make a break of more than a dozen was tabooed.

TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER.—To say that hundreds of maids, wives, and widows look twenty years younger than they are in consequence of the complexional freshness derived from the use of HAGAN'S MIGNONNA BALM, is simply to state an absolute fact, which might be promptly verified by direct testimony if ladies were as willing to tell their ages as to use the best means of making themselves lovely. Nature sometimes, but very rarely, crowns the charm of perfect features with a complexion of exquisite clearness; but even then time soon begins to make inroads upon the velvet cheek, the fair white brow, the ivory bust, the rounded arm. To preserve the "glory of woman" unblemished, even after the meridian of life has been passed, it is only necessary to use daily this cooling, healthful vegetable preparation, which is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, at 3s. 6d. Depot: 114 & 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Adv.]

### Athletic Sports.

THE metropolitan season was inaugurated in brilliant style on Saturday last, by the First Spring Meeting of the London Athletic Club. The weather was perfect, which doubtless accounted for the very large attendance at Lillie Bridge. No very remarkable performance was accomplished, for few men are in thorough condition at such an early period of the season. J. Potter, the hundred yards champion, was decidedly slow in the sprint, but ran fairly well in the quarter, at which distance, however, we shall hope to see him quite a second faster before the season is much further advanced. H. W. Hill, who won the 120 yards handicap very cleverly indeed, has much improved in speed of late, and if he works as hard as usual, we fully expect to see him run a very good half mile before the end of the year. Everyone regretted that it was necessary to disqualify T. R. Hogg in the walking race; but the conduct of that gentleman and his friends, in attempting to make a disturbance, cannot be too strongly condemned. It is scarcely possible that three such experienced judges of walking as Ryo, Evans, and Griffiths, would have stopped him without good reason, and, under any circumstances, he ought to have had enough experience on the path to know that a referee's decision must be submitted to unhesitatingly on all occasions. He was walking at the time exceedingly fast, in fact a mile in 6 min. 36 sec. is almost too fast to be fair. The handicaps, as usual, were made by Sydenham Dixon, who adopted a new principle, which we believe will become almost universal, for the first time. It consists in arranging the starts from a certain fixed time, instead of from the best man who happens to be engaged in the race, and thus a great deal of the labour of calculating the value of men's performances, which arose chiefly from the different degrees of merit of the various scratch men, is done away with. William Waddell, the new honorary secretary, managed the meeting extremely well throughout, race succeeding race without any delay; and we would only suggest that the rule which reserves the centre of the ground for the officials and members of the press, should be enforced a little more strictly.

The Oxford University sports commenced on Thursday, and will be finished to-day (Saturday). We shall comment fully on the various performances next week.

### Coursing.

THE South Lancashire (Southport) Meeting, which took place last week, must be pronounced a great success, for, favoured by beautiful weather, Mr. Stocker, by whose exertions the fixture has been raised to its present position, provided four capital days' sport. There were 122 entries for the Great Scarisbrick Champion Cup, including representatives from all parts of the three kingdoms, and several Waterloo dogs also put in an appearance. Of these last, Tyrant ran very badly, for Vanity Fair took the first turn, and, completely outstaying him, won very easily; but Sir William Don performed well, winning three courses in good style, though in the third ties Iron Duke was altogether too good for him. The meeting of Topsy and Gipsy Queen in the second ties produced one of the longest and most severe trials ever seen, a grand hare fairly beating both bitches, after running them to a complete standstill. The stake was eventually divided between Iron Duke, by Cauld Kail—Cera, and Hollymoor, by Master Price—Mirth, both of whom were complete outsiders in the betting. Thirty-two entered for the Southport Stakes, which fell to Little Darkie, by Chelsea—Black Rose, who beat Buttercup, by Blairgowrie—Rosebud, in the final spin. Mr. Hedley's judging gave great satisfaction, and, though he had an immense deal of walking each day, Wilkinson slipped in capital style.

The late frost and snow has caused the postponement of the Bothal Club and one or two other meetings which were arranged to take place during this week.

### Football.

THE third match this season between England and Scotland, under Association Rules, took place on Saturday last in the West of Scotland Ground, at Partick, near Glasgow. It may be remembered that the first match at Glasgow was drawn, and the second, at Kennington Oval, resulted in an easy victory for the English team, which scored four goals to none. We mentioned last week that C. W. Alcock met with an accident while playing against the Old Etonians, and he was unable to represent England on this occasion, his place being filled by C. H. Wollaston. The greatest interest was taken in the contest, and fully 10,000 spectators assembled to witness it. At the end of about half-an-hour's fast play, R. Kingsford kicked a goal for England. Ends were at once changed, and, in about twenty minutes, the Scotch team equalised matters by obtaining a goal, and, after a very brief interval, secured a second. No further advantage was gained by either side, so a most obstinately contested game resulted in the victory of Scotland by two goals to one. A dinner was afterwards given to the visitors by their opponents, and a very pleasant evening enjoyed. The following are the respective sides:—

*England*: C. J. Ottaway (captain) (Oxford University) and F. H. Birley (Oxford University) (half-backs), R. C. Welch (Harrow Chequers) (goal-keeper), R. Ogilvie (Clapham Rovers) and E. H. Stratford (Wanderers) (backs), J. R. B. Owen (Sheffield), J. M. Edwards (Shropshire Wanderers), C. J. Chencry (Crystal Palace), H. E. Heron (Uxbridge), R. Kingsford (Wanderers), and C. H. Wollaston (Wanderers) (forwards).

*Scotland*: J. J. Thompson (Queen's Park) (captain) and Charles Campbell (Queen's Park) (half-backs), Robert Gardner (Clydesdale) (goal-keeper), R. Hunter (3rd Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers) and Joseph Taylor (Queen's Park) (backs), James B. Weir (Queen's Park), J. Ferguson (Vale of Leven), Harry McNeil (Queen's Park), W. Mackinnon (Queen's Park), Angus Mackinnon (Queen's Park), and Fred. Anderson (Clydesdale) (forwards).

The umpires were—for Scotland, Mr. Keay (Queen's Park), and for England, Mr. A. Morten (Crystal Palace); and Mr. Rae (Queen's Park) was referee.

The final match, between the Royal Engineers and Oxford University, for the Association Challenge Cup, will be played at Kennington Oval to-day (Saturday).

### Sporting Intelligence.

SIBERIAN weather has followed the advent of the fair Northern Princess with whom our Royal House has lately been allied, and the suddenness of the change has been the greatest almost ever known even in this variable climate. On Saturday, in the Shires, the sun shone forth with a warmth that was actually oppressive to hounds and horsemen; but on Monday there was a rebound from the lap of Spring into mid-winter, bringing complete discomfiture to the votaries of cross-country racing, and causing the disruption of the Great Spring Meeting at Croydon. Happily, the state of affairs was not so bad on Tuesday as to prevent the active Clerk of the Course, Mr. J. F. Verrall, carrying the day's racing to a successful issue, so far as concerned the sport; but owing to the wet and intense cold, the proceedings were spiritless, and took place in the presence of a very limited company. Several new performers at timber jumping ran during the day, and the Maiden Hurdle race brought out a few horses who had made a fair name for themselves on the flat, viz., Mossagor, Dalmacardoch, and Miss Stockwell, the latter of whom, brought out in beautiful condition by Manser, had so much the best of the weights, receiving as she did 18lb from each of the others, that she won very cleverly by two lengths.

The Stewards' Plate, contested by a field of six horses, produced a hot favourite in the Duke of Hamilton's Mobile II., but he, although he had the assistance of Pago in the saddle, was compelled to be content with second honours, as Noyro Tauren had the best of the race at every part, and won easily. Cranbourne made his *début* at cross-country business, and acquitted himself sufficiently well to warrant the expectation of his doing better on a future occasion. For the Selling Hurdle race, Bonny Swell "bore off the ball" very easily, and was bought in for 105 guineas, and Mr. Manser claimed Simplon, who if he keeps sound will yet be heard of in the jumping line. Another new candidate over timber, Sweet Galingale, bred by Lord Falmouth, bowled over the Duke of Hamilton's Sir John, who was a very warm favourite; and, as she also beat Copernicus, her winning is no small feather in the cap of Blair Athol, who, as I have always asserted, will get stayers if only properly bred from. The weather on Tuesday night having turned to a sharp frost, which was accompanied by a fall of snow, the ground became so slippery that several of the jockeys objected to riding over it, which compelled the adjournment of the meeting to Friday and Saturday.

Weather permitting, the Bristol and Western Counties Steeple-chase and Hurdle-race Meeting will take place on Tuesday and two following days of the ensuing week; and under the clever direction of the Messrs. Finil is sure to be brought to a successful issue. The programme, the principal items in which we give elsewhere, is one of the most liberal and attractive ever issued; 1000 sovs. being added to the principal race, while to several others there are additions of 200 sovs., 100 sovs. and smaller amounts. Everything that long experience could suggest has been done to make the Grand Stand, the enclosures and all the necessary accessories of a course, complete in every way, while the line of country has been so capably drained and the fences so well attended to, that no danger need be apprehended to horse or rider. At those fences where great crowds of sightseers may be anticipated, wings of gored hurdles have been thrown out, so as to prevent the people getting in the horses' way; and everything has been done that prudence could suggest to obviate danger.

The principal item in the first day's proceedings is the City Grand Annual Hurdle Race, for which twenty-seven horses have accepted, Ryshworth standing at their head with the steady weight of 12st 7lb, which it is not likely, after the display he made of himself the other day at Aylesbury, he will carry successfully to the goal; nor until Footman shows that he has again taken to jumping, as he was wont to do (until he got the smashing fall at Liverpool a year ago), is he to be depended upon. Copernicus is over weighted, and so is Sir John, but Diamond King possesses a fair chance. Parliamentary, though small enough for the weight he has to carry, will occupy a prominent place in the contest, as will Dr. Temple and Hautboy also. For Johnny, Palm, Mobile II., Ella, Duke of Cambridge, and Crown Prince, I have no fancy. Wilmslow, if an accomplished timber-jumper, will stay the course and must possess a chance, but of the pretensions of Florizel, Rufina, and Whaler at this kind of business I am not aware. Alice Leo and Glenshiel may be depended upon to jump well enough, but I do not know if they possess the speed necessary to win a race of this kind. Roschearty I know nothing about, but for the two next, RUMPIUS and BELLE, I have great respect. I shall therefore sum up in their favour, coupling Dr. TEMPLE with them to furnish the winner.

For the Military Cup, also run on the first day, there is a good entry of twelve horses, and I expect to see it fall to Lord Charles Innes Ker with either JORROCKS or SONG-BIRD.

On the second day the *pièce de résistance*, as those who desire to show off their smattering of French call the principal race, is the Ashton Court Steeple-chase, for which Ryshworth again has the top weight, 12st 7lb., but with very little hope of its proving the post of honour. Furley in reserve for Liverpool has been struck out, as also have Brigantino and Jerry, which leaves the race a very "open" one. The horses that I have the greatest fancy for are JUDGE, 10st. 11lb., PHRYNE, 10st. 9lb., BELLE, 10st. 2lb., and ALICE LEE, 10st. 1lb.

On Thursday the grand evont, the Bristol Royal Steeple-chase with 1000 sovs. added, will attract to the banks of the Severn all the *élite* of the steeple-chase world both at home and abroad. For this race, as there ought to be, there has been a right royal acceptance, as forty-seven remained in, of whom some twenty-five may be expected to reach the starting post. The betting has not taken a very wide range, being chiefly confined to Vintner, Schiedam, St. Aubyn, Fantôme, Royalist, Master Mowbray, Marin, Casse Tête, and Merlin; the weight of the money going on to the four first named, while in Paris, within the last few days a good commission has also been executed in favour of the Duke of Hamilton's horse

The proceedings at none of the earlier steeple-chase meetings has tended to throw any light on this great race beyond displaying Rushworth in such a light as to cause even those most intimately connected with him to give up much hope of seeing him come to the front, either here or at Liverpool. The failure of the Croydon Meeting has been a sore blow to those who desired to get a "line" for their several stables, which it was intended Defence should take for the Limber Confederacy; Harvester for those under the clever direction of Arthur Yates; Fleuriste for the Duke of Hamilton; Silvermoro for Mr. Brayley; Hautboy for Mr. Davison; Montfort for some of the French stables; Sparrow or Mossager for Mr. Percival; Young Fenton for Mr. Mannington. The consequence is that all are starting in the dark, from which it is not improbable that the race will result in the triumph of a complete outsider. The field will probably comprise Marin, Cramoisi, Schiedam, King of the Roses (or Lingerer), Master Mowbray, St. Aubyn, Casse Tête, Dainty, General, Fantôme, Phryne, Merlin, Royalist, Chimney Swoop, Barcelona, Vintner, Shylock, Dr. Temple, Belle, Jerry, Young Fenton, Marie Louise, Champion, Glenshield and Mistletoe, and one of Mr. Studd's, who has Alice Lee engaged. Marin is not much fancied by his stable, as the outside price of 33 to 1 is offered against him, while the name of Cramoisi has scarcely been heard at the Clubs or Tattersall's. Schiedam on the contrary has been backed with a freedom that denotes his being well, which I know he is, and that his owner regards his chance to be second to none. Mr. Burton's Pan has made no noise in the market; but Master Mowbray has been invested upon in "good quarters," a remark that also applies to St. Aubyn. Casse Tête stands at too long a quotation to denote her being all right; but no doings in the market tell anything as to the chances possessed by Dainty and The General—both of whom, however, I know to be well, and on her Warwick running the former ought to have a chance, while improved jumping abilities lately shown by The General warrant his getting over the country without mistake. Fantôme did two "good things" at Shrewsbury last year, but at Croydon jumped so indifferently that I have no fancy for him. Merlin I regard to be outclassed, a remark that I consider applies to Royalist, Chimney Sweep, and Barcelona. Vintner is in appearance the *beau idéal* of the steeple-chase horse, and his extraordinary quickness and cleverness over hurdles, ensured his becoming an accomplished horse across the country. This I am assured he is, whence his chance with such a light impost as 10st. 4lb. must indeed be formidable. Shylock and Dr. Temple I have no fancy for; but both Belle and Jerry possess an undeniably great chance, particularly the former, who won some Queen's Plates in her day, and has also been successful over the country. Young Fenton, Marie Louise and Champion I know nothing of, nor which Mr. Studd is likely to have a try with. To conclude these brief notes my choice falls on VINTNER and SCHIEDAM, who will find most trouble from Belle and Master Mowbray. Neither time nor space will permit of my further enlarging upon the programme of a meeting which is certain to attain the success so well earned by the Committee and all those who have left no stone unturned to insure it.

BEACON.

## Steeple-chases to Come.

## BRISTOL AND WESTERN COUNTIES STEEPLE-CHASES AND HURDLE RACES, 1874.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of March.

Under the Grand National Rules.

FIRST DAY.

The CITY GRAND ANNUAL HURDLE RACE of 200 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., entrance 3. Two miles and a quarter; over nine hurdles. 64 subs.

YRS ST LB	YRS ST LB
Mr. Chaplin's Ryshworth	12 7
Mr. Moreton's Footman	11 10
Mr. A. Yates's Copericus	11 7
Mr. H. Batta's Diamond King	5 11 6
Duke of Hamilton's Sir John, by Oxford—Coton	11 4
Mr. Garner's Parliamentary	11 4
Mr. H. Batta's Surinam (pays it.)	11 3
Mr. Erne's Dr. Temple	6 11 3
Mr. Davison's Hautboy	6 11 2
Mr. G. Clements's Johnny	5 11 2
Mr. Leigh's Palm	6 10 13
D. of Hamilton's Mobile LL	4 10 13
Mr. Upton's ch m Ella, by Ely, out of Braxey	5 10 13
Mr. Ellerton's Provost Marshal	5 10 12
Mr. C. Bullard's Duke of Cam-	6

The MILIPARY CUP, value 200 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added. Three miles. 12 subs.

Lord M. Beresford's Crown Prince, 5 yrs.	Stockwell, dam's pedigree unknown, aged.
Col. Byrnes Lopez, by Ventro St. Gris, out of Braemar (bred in France), 4 yrs.	Lord C. I. Ker's Jorrocks, 5 yrs.
Capt. Clayton's br c Chilblain, by Jack Frost, out of Grand Duchess, by Van Galen, 4 yrs.	Sir S. M. Lockhart's b g Staghunter, by Duc an Dhurra, dam by Rollo (h b), aged.
Lord C. I. Ker's br b by Bel Demonio, out of Fairy, by Hermit, 4 yrs.	Mr. L. Martin's chg Waterford, a. Prince Sapieha's br c Medoc, by Claret—Frangipani, 4 yrs.
Lord C. I. Ker's ch m Songbird, by Canary, out of Melody, aged.	Principe Sapieha's b f Miss Bertram (late Annie), by Ellangowan, out of Mrs. Weiss, 4 yrs.
Lord C. I. Ker's br g Donnington, by	Capt. Stirling's Matelot, aged.

SECOND DAY.

The ASHTON COURT STEEPLE-CHASE of 200 sovs. (50 by Sir Greville Smyth, Bart.), added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. About three miles. 48 subs.

YRS ST LB	YRS ST LB
Mr. H. Chaplin's Ryshworth	12 7
Mr. H. Batta's Furry	6 12 4
(pays ft.)	10 7
Sir W. Throckmorton's Reference	11 4
Mr. Leigh's Mustapha	6 11 2
Mr. W. Matthews's Morning Star	10 13
Mr. A. Poole's Judge	10 11
Capt. Stirling's Matelot	10 10
Major Browne's Scots Grey	10 10
Mr. Brooke's Phryne, by Knight of Kars	10 9
Mr. H. Batta's Brigantino (pays ft.)	5 10 9
Mr. Leigh's Clifton	6 10 8
Mr. Davison's Hautboy	6 10 8

## THIRD DAY.

The BRISTOL ROYAL STEEPLE-CHASE of 1000 sovs. About four miles. 47 subs.

YRS ST LB	YRS ST LB
Ryshworth	12 7
Furley	6 12 5
Marius	6 11 10
Marin	5 11 5
Cramoisi	6 11 5
Footman	6 11 5
Harvester	6 11 3
Schiedam	6 11 2
King of the Roses	6 11 1
Silverner	6 11 1
Master Mowbray	6 10 0
Casse Tête	6 10 11
Dainty	6 10 11
Johnny	5 10 11
St. Aubyn	6 10 11
Général	6 10 0
Lingerer	6 10 10
Scots Greys	6 10 0
Fantôme	6 10 9
Phryne	6 10 9
Albert	6 10 9
Merlin	6 10 8
Clifton	6 10 8
Royalist	6 10 7

## Principal Turf Fixtures for 1874.

BRISTOL ROYAL STEEPLE-CHASE (4 miles)	Thursday, March 19
LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile)	Wednesday, March 25
LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL (1½ miles)	Thursday, March 26
LIVERPOOL SPRING CUP (1½ miles)	Friday, March 27
NOTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES (2 miles)	Tuesday, April 7
NEWMARKET HANDICAP (1½ miles)	Wednesday, April 22
CITY AND SUBURBAN (1½ miles)	Tuesday, April 23
GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES (2½ miles)	Wednesday, April 20
TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS (1 mile 17 yards)	Wednesday, May 6
ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS (1 mile 17 yards)	Friday, May 8
CHESTER CUP (2½ miles)	Wednesday, May 13
GREAT CHESHIRE STAKES (1½ miles)	Friday, May 15
SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES (2 miles)	Wednesday, May 27
THE DERBY (1½ miles)	Wednesday, June 3
THE OAKS (1½ miles)	Friday, June 5
GRAND PRIX (1 mile 7 furlongs)	Sunday, June 14
ASCOT STAKES (about 2 miles)	Tuesday, June 16
ROYAL HUNT CUP (1 mile)	Wednesday, June 17
ASCOT GOLD CUP (2½ miles)	Thursday, June 18
NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE (2 miles)	Wednesday, June 21
CUMBERLAND PLATE (1½ miles)	Tuesday, June 30
LIVERPOOL JULY CUP (1½ miles)	Thursday, July 16
GOODWOOD STAKES (2 miles)	Wednesday, July 29
GOODWOOD CUP (2½ miles)	Thursday, July 30
BRIGHTON CUP (2 miles)	Wednesday, August 5
GREAT EBOR HANDICAP (2 miles)	Wednesday, August 26
DONCASTER ST. LÉGER (1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards)	Wednesday, Sept. 16
CESAREWICH STAKES (2 miles 2 furlongs 23 yards)	Tuesday, October 13
MIDDLE PARK PLATE (6 furlongs)	Wednesday, October 27
CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES (1 mile 210 yards)	Tuesday, October 27
LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP (1½ miles)	Friday, November 13
SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile)	Wednesday, Nov. 18
SHREWSBURY CUP (2 miles)	Friday, November 20

## Military and Naval Gazette.

## ADMIRALTY, MARCH 3.

In accordance with the provisions of Her Majesty's Order in Council of the 22nd of February, 1874:

Lieut. Ralston Caldwell Bloomfield has this day been placed on the retired list of his rank.

## MARCH 4.

In accordance with the provisions of Her Majesty's Order in Council of the 22nd of February, 1874:

Lieut. Charles Edward Woulfe Haly Hutton has been this day placed on the retired list of his rank.

## WAR OFFICE, PALL-MALL, MARCH 6.

10th Foot.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Garvock, K.C.B., from the 89th Regiment, to be Col., vice Lieut.-Gen. Sir Sydney John Cotton, G.C.B., deceased.

89th Foot.—Major Gen. Caledon Richard Egerton, to be Col., vice Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Garvock, K.C.B., appointed to the 10th Regiment.

## ADMIRALTY, MARCH 9.

Lieut. John William Ramsay has been promoted to the rank of Commander in Her Majesty's Fleet, with seniority of the 4th inst., in the hauldown promotion of Vice-Admiral Sir Hastings Reginald Yelverton, K.C.B., late Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's ships and vessels in the Mediterranean.

## MARCH 6.

## ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.

London Corps.—The appointment of Mr. Francis Hepburn Chevalier Bouteill as a Sub-Lieut. in the above corps has been cancelled.

## WAR OFFICE, PALL-MALL, MARCH 10.

2nd Dragoon Guards.—Lieut. James F. Stuart Menteth to be Capt., vice Herbert William Thompson, deceased.

4th Dragoon Guards.—Staff Sergt.-Major Joseph Hankins, from the Cavalry Dépôt, to be Riding-Master, vice R. G. Nicholas, appointed Lieut. and Adj't. 1st Dragoon Guards.

6th Dragoon Guards.—Sub-Lieut. Thomas Cole Porter to be Lieut.

2nd Dragoons.—Sub-Lieut. Francis Matilda Philips to be Lieut. Sub-Lieut. Charles Fitzgerald Watkins to be Lieut.

6th Dragoons.—Sub-Lieut. Duncan Matheson to be Lieut.

8th Hussars.—Sub-Lieut. John Rupert Robert Lecky, from the Carlow Militia, to be Sub-Lieut. in succession to Lieut. J. D. P. French, transferred to the 10th Hussars.

9th Lancers.—Lieut. Philip Green to be Capt., vice H. B. Gaskell, retired.

19th Hussars.—Lieut. John Denton Pinkstone French, from the 8th Hussars, to be Lieut., in succession to Sub-Lieut. A. J. Lushington, transferred to the 4th Foot.

Royal Artillery.—Lieut.-Col. and Brevet-Col. George Henry Vesey, upon the Supernumerary List, to be Col.; Lieut.-Col. and Brevet-Col. Staunton Robinson to be Col., vice A. F. F. Lennox, who retires upon full pay; Major and Brevet Lieut.-Col. William Gilliander Andrews to be Lieut.-Col., vice Brevet-Col. Robinson, promoted; Major Alexander Henry Murray to be Lieut.-Col., vice G. A. Milman, who retires upon full pay; Capt. and Brevet-Major George Arbutnott to be Major, vice F. A. Mant, deceased; Capt. Richard Sadleir to be Major, vice Brevet-Lieut.-Col. Andrewes, promoted; Capt. William Ruxton Barlow, upon the Supernumerary List, to be Major; Capt. Robert Callwell Smith, upon the Supernumerary List, to be Major; Capt. and Adj't. Charles David Chalmers to be Major, vice Murray, promoted; Lieut. Edward Joseph de Launay (late Bengal), upon the Supernumerary List, to be Capt.; Lieut. Alfred Tritton Wintle (late Bengal), to be Capt., vice J. Butcher (late Bengal), placed upon the Retired List; Lieut. Harry William Rooke to be Capt., vice Brevet-Major Arbutnott, promoted; Lieut. Alexander Murray Brown to be Capt., vice Sadleir, promoted; Lieut. William McClinton to be Capt., vice Chalmers, promoted; Lieut. Pemberton Harrison to be Capt., vice E. V. Boyle, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Lieut. Edmund Bainbridge to be Capt., vice C. W. Townsend, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Lieut. Alfred Edward Turner to be Capt., vice E. W. Woolcombe, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Lieut. Henry St. John Cole Brown to be Capt., vice G. L. Engstrom, who resigns; Capt. William Reynolds Strike to be Adj't., vice H. F. Philpott, who resigns the Adjutancy only; Capt. John Walter Inge to be Adj't., vice J. M. Murray, who resigns the Adjutancy only; Capt. Alexander Murray Brown to be Adj't., vice C. D. Chalmers, promoted; Lieut. Richard Wace, from the Supernumerary List, to be Lieut.; Lieut. Francis Lowry Graves, from the Supernumerary List, to be Lieut.; Lieut. William II. Plunkett Macquay resigns his Commission.

The entry in the "Gazette" of the 23rd October, 1873, placing Lieut. J. C. Robinson upon the Seconded List, has been cancelled, that officer having been previously placed thereon, as announced in the "Gazette" of the 7th October, 1873; the promotion to Major in the Royal Artillery of Capt. Alexander Dickson Burnaby, which appeared in the "Gazette" of the 16th July, 1872, has been cancelled, that officer's appointment as an Assistant-Controller in the Control Department being antecedent thereto.

The undermentioned gentlemen cadets to be lieutenants with temporary rank, viz.:

Charles, Frederick Hulden, vice W. H. F. Sorell, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Wilfrid David Bradley Fenton, vice F. W. Carey, promoted; James Milford Sutherland Brunker, vice R. L. Price, appointed to the Bombay Staff Corps; Alexander MacWhirter Renny, vice C. W. E. Murphy, placed upon the Supernumerary List; John Chivas Shirres, vice W. H. M. Duthie promoted; Henry Vivian Cowan, vice R. G. Fitzgerald, deceased; Thomas Tweed Vaughan, vice P. F. M. Baddeley, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Manley Ogden Hopkins, vice R. H. W. Plunkett,

placed upon the Supernumerary List; Cyril Henry Rickards, vice H. G. F. Siddons, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Leopold Alfred M'Clintock, vice C. C. Dyce, appointed to the Bengal Staff Corps; William Tylden, vice N. Powlett, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Stephen Dickson Rainsford, vice J. S. Biscoe, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Stopford Cosby Hickman, vice J. D. Snodgrass, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Arthur Henry Wilford Brett, vice J. J. Congdon, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Foster Lionel Cunliffe, vice R. de Maryski, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Terence England Rowan, vice R. Mallock, placed upon the Supernumerary List; John William Mar-din Newton, vice A. L. Pringle, placed upon the Supernumerary List; William Hugh Edward Dobie, vice B. C. Graves, appointed to the Bengal Staff Corps; Claude Mason Haggard, vice G. B. N. Martin, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Arthur Henry Browne, vice E. R. Elles, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Thomas Wolrich Logan Stansfeld, vice F. R. Ditmas, appointed to the Bengal Staff Corps; St. Andrew Bruce Warde, vice E. A. Johnson, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Robert Joynes, vice L. L. Fenton, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Edmund George Osborne, vice C. H. H. Mayne, placed upon the Supernumerary List; Marcus Beresford, vice E. H. H. Collen, placed upon the Supernumerary List; James Blackwood Archdale, vice W



"ÇA MORD."

(From the Painting by E. REDON. Photographed by Messrs. GOURIL & CO.)

## DUM CAPIMUS CAPIMUR.

It bites—the float sinks jerking out of sight,  
Like scuttled ship that gives a warning heel ;  
The silken line, drawn frantically tight,  
Flies with a cheery whistle from the reel ;  
The taper rod, so tremulously light,  
Bends to its work like well-tempered steel ;  
In vain the victim plays a useless strife,  
Soon on the bank to gasp away his life.

It bites—the heart with one convulsive throb  
Sinks, overwhelmed, in Love's unfathom'd tide ;  
Its tighten'd strings, like harp's Aeolian sob,  
Send all the life-blood rushing far and wide ;  
Fears, hopes, desire, the frame of vigour rob,  
And sighs responsive shake the heaving side :  
In vain, stern Fortitude, is all thine art  
To quench the fire of Love's unerring dart.

Oh ! happy days, when Sport goes hand in hand,  
And finds excuse with Cupid to combine,  
Their darts for Venery and Venus planned,  
Not knowing haply where to draw the line ;  
For souls who lowliest bow to Sport's command.  
Do they not most to ladies' eyes incline ?  
Knowing therein the secret how to kill,  
Lies ever ready for their want or will.

Man yields him lightly to some passing lure,  
The gaudy fly, with golden tinsel bound,  
Cast in the headlong stream so deftly sure,  
And ever turning in its eddies round :  
Then comes the fever doctors cannot cure ;  
And time alone can close the festering wound  
Made by the bairn that lurks concealed within  
The smooth deception of a painted skin.

But woman, where the deeper waters run,  
Sails round and round the all-alluring bait,  
(Like comet circling round a dazzling sun,)  
Nor feels its full attraction till too late ;  
Then in the web for her delusion spun,  
Not all reluctant meets the common fate.  
Held by a string she cannot break at will,  
With seeming liberty a captive still.

But what is that ?—when days are long and fair,  
And hearts responsive to the notes of spring  
Make music of their own ? When earth and air,  
And bursting bud and evanescent wing  
Their sweetest influence on the doting pair  
Pour all in vain ? Love is so fond a thing,  
All other works of nature to despise  
Save those reflected in his lady's eyes.

She bends toward her float—*he*, seeing all  
Her feigned excitement for a paltry “bite,”  
Knows well who holds them both in silken thrall,  
And, tiring of the long, unequal fight,  
In token of defeat, at Cupid's call,  
Lowers his point—*one* only in his sight  
Is worth the time, the patience, and the cost,  
All other labour, save for Love, is lost.

Poor doting wights !—who, while they ply the rod,  
Are compassed round by unexpected snares ;  
Softly behind, on tiptoe, steals the god,  
And casts his net around them unawares.  
In vain they struggle—his directing nod,  
Like Jove's on high, no destined victim spares ;  
By old experience, modern usage taught,  
While others they would catch, themselves are caught.

## THE SHEFFIELD FOOTBALL TEAM.

By a rather fortunate coincidence we have been able, in opening our subjects for illustration with reference to the winter game of England, to secure a group comprising the Eleven who represented Sheffield in the great match played recently against London on the Surrey Cricket Ground of Kennington Oval. A fortunate coincidence we assert advisedly, for football nowhere thrives more rapidly or is cultivated with more enthusiasm than in the town of keen blades, of armour plates, of monster factories, and monster chimneys that belch forth never ceasing clouds of smoke. There is an accepted axiom that Yorkshire and sport are terms practically synonymous. If you vary the sentence and substitute Sheffield and football, your arrows will not have sped wide of the mark. A wonderful generation these Sheffields, certainly, in anything that affects or appertains to sport of any description, whether it be horse-racing or the less sensational combination known under the general title of athletic sports. Have you seen that ground at Bramall-lane, when the Graces have been announced as the chief features in the cricket bill, and every inch of room, every point of vantage, has been occupied by a swelling and surging mass of tykes, men of rough exterior perhaps, but men who know when a bowler can “troll,” a batter can play with his stick straight, and whether a “colt” can field, as well as or even better than some who lay claim to be the oracles of cricket at Lord's or the Oval ? If you have not, and are likely to disport yourself at any time in the field under the shade of that long bank where sit the many-headed, their gaze riveted on the bat and the ball, their interest sharpened by the investment of many a hard-earned half-crown, take the advice of one who has undergone the experience, and do not miss a catch at a critical moment, I beg of you. If you want other proofs, attend one of the large Sheffield pedestrian handicaps, and see how the same love of sport pervades a different atmosphere. Sport rampant everywhere, and no mere child's imitation, but a full-blown development, where thousands change hands on the turn of a hair, or, more prosaically, a man is backed for thousands of pounds on the tick of a watch. Football is not the mere subservience to a popular fancy at Sheffield, as might be stated of some of the bodies that have lately been born to the football world. The Sheffield Club dates as far back as 1867, so that it can lay claim to the honour of being the oldest organisation of its kind in the kingdom, and the matches between London and Sheffield have for some years been prominent among the celebrations of the football season. Greek has met Greek, and the tug of war been taxed by many a stubborn pull, but the hand of the victor has always received heartily the grasp of the

vanquished, and a spirit of emulation, of honest rivalry, and interchange of good fellowship grows from these annual contests that time can never efface. It is not without experience of these matters that we write, so that the words we have written may be accepted as free of exaggeration. Of the matches that have already taken place, a general summary must suffice : that on their ground, and under their own rules, the Sheffield Eleven have invariably gained the victory, comforting themselves besides, gallantly, under the disadvantage of adapting themselves to the different code, as adopted by the Londoners. In their last match against London, at Sheffield, they obtained a most decisive victory by eight goals to two, while in London, on the 7th of January last, a more determined body of football players it would be difficult to select. Speed, pluck, endurance, and skill, there are amongst them unmistakably, with a feeling dominant above all that they are playing for their side and not for individual glory. Their captain, John Marsh, is as fine a specimen of the qualities that football ought to encourage as one can conceive—a player that will work hard until the last ; one that will secure victory at any price, consistent with a fair and manly policy ; a dogged disposition that knows not fear, a sturdy stalwart form that can bear the brunt of many a desperate charge, and a foot quick to kick when the head has decided on the moment of kicking—in fact as excellent a Captain as and as sterling a player as the most fastidious could desire. There are the brothers Clegg, whose names are familiar in the North as household words, as expert and skilful in the football-field as they were on the running track, efficient dribblers, and sure kicks whenever a sure kick is most needed. Besides, there is a host of general ability in W. H. Stacey, one of the English reserves for the International match at Glasgow on Saturday last, a sturdy back, and excellent judge of the game withal ; in W. H. Carr, the Anak of goal keepers, who has done Sheffield sterling service in all its matches ; in A. Wood, a dashing forward, always on the alert for the opposite goal ; in R. Gregory, a clever player and dribbler of no mean skill. The eleven is completed with Butterly, Sellars, Wilkinson, and Tingle ; but comment on their merit is suspended, owing to the fact that they were probably merely acting as substitutes for J. R. B. Owen, A. Kirke, Smith, G. H. Sampson, and T. C. Willey. Our sketch is the more opportune, as this afternoon for the first time Sheffield is pitted against Glasgow. The match too is the more interesting, as the Glasgow Eleven will number most of the players who helped to obtain the victory for Scotland over England at Glasgow on Saturday last.—INCOG.

## Reviews.

## MAGAZINES.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.—It is almost superfluous to say that the very name of *Blackwood* is synonymous with excellence in magazine literature, and the present number is no exception to the rule, the bill of fare presented to its readers this month being one of the best. It opens with a new serial tale called “Alice Lorraine : a Tale of the South Downs,” respecting which it is too early to hazard a critical opinion. Knapdale furnishes two Horatian lyrics full of life and vigour, and with the true Horatian ring about them. A carefully written article on Lord Stanhope, and the Historians of Queen Anne's reign, follows ; while the story of “Valentine and his Brother,” and “Disorder in Dreamland” maintain their well-sustained interest. The number concludes with an article entitled “Mr. Gladstone's Night Attack and its Results,” written in a true Conservative spirit, and at the same time in a thoughtful and temperate tone which cannot fail to commend itself to the political student.

The *Fortnightly Review*, which we suppose maintains its title on the “lucus a non lucendo” principle, because it only appears monthly, commends itself in the present number by the excellence of its literary matter and its judicious selection of subjects, prominent among which are articles on “English Art under George III.” by Mr. Sidney Colvin ; and the “Internal Working of Railways,” by Edwin Phillips, which are especially to be noticed for the intimate knowledge of the questions displayed by their authors. Lovers of romance will enjoy the continuation of “Lady Anna,” by Anthony Trollope. The encounter between the Countess and Daniel Thwaite the tailor is told in Mr. Trollope's best style, and, in its way, is sufficiently sensational to please the most exacting reader.

*London Society*, for March, opens with the commencement of a new serial tale by Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church), entitled “Open Sesame,” of which the first three chapters are sufficiently interesting to tempt the reader to pursue the labyrinth of Miss West Norman's future, even though its progress be one of

“Linked sweetness on drawn out.”

through the medium of the pages of a monthly magazine. A well written article on “Rachel and Macready,” by W. H. Schütz Wilson, and an amusing sketch from the pen of Mr. Arthur Featherstone, entitled “The Philosophy of Dye,” find place in this month's number, while “Old Calabar” gives some useful hints to “Sporting Men of Moderate Means,” which not a few of them will be glad to follow. There is a variety of other matter more or less readable, among which “Free Lance,” as usual, attacks social subjects in a manner befitting his “nom de plume.” In fine, *London Society* keeps up the character it has achieved under the guidance of its fair editress.

*Belygravia* is a poor, pale, washed out, invertebrate sort of thing from beginning to end. “Lost for Love,” Miss Braddon's latest attempt at fiction, pursues its dreary course without exciting the faintest interest in the mind of the reader, and is followed by an anonymous article entitled “My Recollections of Fenton Grammar School,” in which the writer makes spasmodic efforts to be funny, with the smallest amount of success. Old Dr. Sab is an impossible creature, and for the head master of a grammar school is more grotesque than the grotesque of Dickens's conceptions, not even excepting Squeers, only without the masterly treatment of a Dickens, which alone could make such a character endurable. A homily on “Dinners sent out from the Pastrycook's” is quite unworthy of George

Augustus Sala, who has written and can write decently if he likes, but listen to this :—“It was very easy to tell where the spread came from—I imagine young Wouldbe to be discoursing to his friends Polo and Pigeontrap in the smoking-room of the Junior Earlswood Club—‘of course it was sent in by the man in Sloane-street. Jellyboys, you know. Wedding-breakfasts supplied, and that kind of thing. I met Mrs. Mac' (it was at Mrs. M'Amphytrion's hospitable board in Coleebee-gardens, South Kensington, that the vivacious but ungrateful youth was last evening a favoured guest) ‘coming out of Jellyboys' last Monday. It was the usual thing. Cold soups and warm ice-pudding. They had made a mistake in the fish, and sent it to India instead of the sherry, and it had come back rather the worse for the voyage’ (here Polo and Pigeontrap snigger). ‘Bits of bullock's liver cut up with bits of mushroom, drowned in ketchup and Brown and Polson, and handed round in an electro side-dish—that's a specimen of the entrées. Game ? Yes, I think I had the bill of a snipe ; but, on the other hand, there was a capital cold mutton-chop dished up again, with sealing-wax sauce. In short, it was the old, old story. The wines abominable, of course ; but that wasn't the pastrycook's fault. Mac is his own butler. Did you ever taste his South African port, which he declares he bought at a bishop's sale—Bishop Colenso's, I should say’ (this last is a witticism that is ‘sure to go down') ? ‘I knew the man who waited by his Berlin gloves ; the left one had the thumb nearly off. I saw him tear it at Mrs. Showfront's dinner the night before, only he had pipeclayed it in honour of Mrs. Mac' (Polo and Pigeontrap laugh heartily). ‘Waiter, some absinthe panaché, do you hear ? Absinthe's nothing without a dash of aniseed.’” Can anyone imagine any drearier twaddle than this ? A laboriously servile imitation, but still a gross travesty, of Thackeray—especially in the nomenclature of his characters. What a pity some one does not warn Mr. Sala that this is not exactly his *forte*. If to nobody else, it would be at any rate a benefit conferred on the readers of *Belygravia*. The best thing in this number is a tale called “Well Done,” by Mary Cecil Hay, in five chapters, and even of this we cannot say that it justifies its title, but simply that it is *better* done than the rest, and is another illustration of the proverb that “Among the blind, the one-eyed is king.”

*Ocean Highways* (Trübner & Co.) maintains its high reputation as a scientific review, and contains besides, several extremely interesting articles on subjects comparatively little known or studied by the general reader. On geographical matters, any articles appearing under the editorship of Mr. Clements Markham may safely be relied upon, but we confess we should be glad to see the pages of *Ocean Highways* relieved by some lighter articles by way of foil to the more solid topics which form the staple material of this magazine.

## BOOKS.

*Recollections of a Pebble*, by Alexander Pebble (Town and Country Publishing Company Limited, 23, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row).—Mr. Pebble has published under the foregoing title a modest little volume of verse in 64 pages, which possesses the perhaps trifling disadvantage in our judgment of an entire absence of *motif*, without beginning or end, and consisting of a number of crude, ill-digested Byronic stanzas, strung together without reason and in many instances without rhyme either. For instance, the word “cerebrum” is made to rhyme with “cerebellum,” and we opened the book at a page where we met the following extraordinary couplet staring us in the face :—

“You'll find 'em there in every variation  
From separation to nullification—”

We do not say that ALL Mr. Pebble's rhymes are quite as bad as this, but where they do not absolutely halt, the sense is frequently involved and the sentiment poor and trashy. We really can see nothing in the world that Mr. Pebble can possibly have to say which can by any means compensate one for toiling through such dreary versification as that in which he professes to impart his recollections to the world at large.

*Summer Cruising in the South Seas*, by Charles Warren Stoddard. Illustrated by Wallis Mackay. (Chatto and Windus, London).—Mr. Stoddard, if he has done nothing more, has succeeded in producing a very readable book. It is of course evident from the first that we are in the hands of an enthusiast, and we consequently submit to Mr. Stoddard's rhapsodies about the savage denizens of Hawaii or Tahiti with the best grace we may, without in the least having our preconceived notions on the subject of “niggers” affected by the author's apparently profound belief in their universal innocence and integrity. Mr. Stoddard's susceptibility may be excused when, in a chapter on “Love-life in a Lanai,” he writes,—

“Upon the mat sat or reclined several ‘chiefesses’ (sic). I am never able to account for the audacious grace of these women, who throw themselves upon the floor and stretch their supple limbs like tigresses, with a kind of imperial scorn for your one-horse proprieties. Their voluminous light garments scarcely concealed the ample curves of their bodies, and the marvellous creatures seemed to be breathing to slow music, while their slumberous eyes regarded us with a gentle indifference that was more tantalising than any other species of coquetry that I have knowledge of.”

But we can scarcely comprehend how any man can permit himself to indulge in the maudlin affection which the author is not ashamed to confess to having entertained for Kanā-anā, whom he apostrophises as “my beloved,” “the only being I ever truly loved,” and with similar expressions of sickly sentimentality, and who we vainly cherish the hope may ultimately prove to be a girl in spite of Mr. Stoddard's repeated assurances that he was only a little brown-skinned boy. Setting aside this defect, and a somewhat reprehensible tone of irreverence in speaking of religious subjects, these sketches of a Summer Cruise in the South Seas are not without a certain rugged vigour of description, with here and there touches of a true poetic feeling which will render the book acceptable to many a reader, though we warn them not to take all Mr. Stoddard's glowing pictures without a grain of salt, and on no account to follow in his track unless they are prepared for inevitable disenchantment.

## Calendar for Week ending March 21.

SUNDAY, March 15. THURSDAY, March 19. Bristol Steeple-chases, South Wold Hunt, Horn-castle.  
 MONDAY, March 16. Limerick Open Coursing.  
 TUESDAY, March 17. FRIDAY, March 20. Canterbury Steeple-chases Windsor Grand Military.  
 WEDNESDAY, March 18. SATURDAY, March 21. Windsor Grand Military.

## Latest London Betting.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE. 3 to 1 on Cambridge (offered)

## CROYDON STEEPEL-CHASE.

5 to 1 agst Montfort, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb (taken and wanted)  
 6 to 1 — Silvermere, aged, 11st 5lb (taken)  
 9 to 1 — Defence, aged, 12st 7lb (taken)  
 7 to 1 agst Vinter, aged, 10st 4lb (taken and off)  
 8 to 1 — Fantome, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb (off, after 700 to 100 had been taken)  
 10 to 1 — Schiedam, aged, 11st 2lb (t and w)  
 500 to 45 — St. Aubyn, 6 yrs, 10st 11lb (offered)  
 500 to 25 — Merlin, aged, 10st 8lb (taken)  
 25 to 1 — Royalist, aged, 10st 7lb (taken)  
 33 to 1 — Marin, aged, 11st 5lb (offered)

## LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

900 to 100 agst The Curate, 5 yrs, 6st 4lb (offered)  
 1000 to 100 — Andred, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (off)  
 20 to 1 — Lemonade colt, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb (t and off)  
 20 to 1 — Peto, 5 yrs, 8st (t and off) [to 1]  
 22 to 1 — Infanta colt, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb (off, take 25)  
 25 to 1 — Salvanos, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb (off, take 25)  
 25 to 1 — Oxford Mixture, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb (t and off)  
 1000 to 40 — Sister Helen, 6 yrs, 8st 4lb (off, 28 to 1 taken)  
 40 to 1 — Newry, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (taken)  
 40 to 1 — Pacha, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb (t and off)  
 1000 to 20 — Cora, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb (off)  
 1000 to 20 — Clara, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb (off, take 100 to 15)  
 1000 to 15 — Maid of Kent, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb (off)  
 1000 to 15 — Memory, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb (off)  
 Even against Newry starting (off)  
 1000 to 70 agst Newry, with a start (off)  
 5 to 1 agst Oxford Mixture 1, 2, 3 (taken)

## LIVERPOOL STEEPEL-CHASE.

9 to 1 agst Furley, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb (offered, take 10 to 1) [wanted]  
 20 to 1 — Marin, aged, 11st 8lb (off, 25 to 1)  
 20 to 1 — Eurotas, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb (off, t 25 to 1)  
 40 to 1 — New York, 6 yrs, 10st 3lb (taken)  
 40 to 1 — Humble Bee, 6 yrs, 10st 3lb (taken)  
 500 to 10 — Glenshiel, 6 yrs, 10st (taken)

## CITY AND SUBURBAN.

20 to 1 agst The Curate, 5 yrs, 6st 7lb (tk. & wntd.)  
 CHESTER CUP.  
 1500 to 100 agst Mont Valerien, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb (taken)  
 2000 to 100 — Impler, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb (t and off)  
 2000 to 100 — Louise Victoria, 5 yrs, 7st 11lb (offered take 25 to 1)  
 2000 to 100 — Watchword, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb (off, 500 to 20 taken)  
 2000 to 50 — The Swan, aged, 8st (off, take 50 to 1)  
 4 to 1 agst the eight top-weights (taken).

## DERBY.

10 to 1 agst Couronne de Fer (off, 100 to 8 wanted)

## Advertisements.

ELTHAM MILITARY, HURDLE, and STEEPEL-CHASE MEETING will take place on THURSDAY, April 2, being the day after Bromley Second Spring Meeting, the course at Eltham being within easy access of that at Bromley.

## Under the Grand National Hunt Rules.

The following Stakes close and name to Mr. Lawley, Clerk of the Course, 32, Maitland Park-villas, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.; or Messrs. Weatherby; Old Burlington-street, London, W., on Wednesday next, March 18:—

The ELTHAM HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs.; the winner of any race after the publication of the weights to carry 7lb. extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this race; entrance 2 sovs. each (to go to the race fund). About one mile and three-quarters, over seven flights of hurdles.

The BELMONT STEEPEL-CHASE HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs.; the winner of any race after the publication of the weights to carry 7lb. extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this Steeple-chase; entrance 2 sovs. each (to go to the race fund). About two miles and a half.

The MILITARY HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, 2 sovs. ft. (to go to the race fund), with 30 sovs. added; for horses the property of, and to be ridden by, officers on full or half-pay of the army; the winner of any race after the publication of the weights to carry 7lb. extra. About two miles, over eight flights of hurdles.

The CHISLEHURST HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, 1 sov. ft. (to go to the race fund), with 30 sovs. added; the winner of any race after the publication of the weights to carry 7lb. extra. About one mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

A SELLING STEEPEL-CHASE of 5 sovs. each, 1 sov. ft. (to go to the race fund), with 20 sovs. added; four year olds 10st. 10lb., five 12st. 1lb., six and aged 12st. 10lb.; maidens at the time of starting allowed 5lb.; the winner to be sold by auction for 60 sovs., and any surplus divided; if entered to be sold for 40 sovs. allowed 5lb. About two miles.

Lord GEORGE PRATT,  
 Sir C. H. MILLIS, Bart., M.P.,  
 Col. BURNAND,  
 Col. HATHORN,  
 Capt. TOOGOOD (R.A.),  
 Capt. HARDINGE BROWNE (R.A.),  
 Lieut. CUSTANCE (R.A.),  
 T. V. MORGAN, Esq.,  
 R. HERBERT, Esq.,  
 F. ROWLANDS, Esq.,  
 Mr. J. F. VERRALL, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.,  
 Handicapper.  
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Winners or dams of winners of large stakes at a reduction.

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EARL, THE, by Young Melbourne out of Bay Celia, by Orlando, at 20gs. each mare.

Groom's fee, one guinea to each horse; foaling mares at 21s., and barren, 16s. per week.

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At Sheffield Lane Paddocks, near Sheffield.

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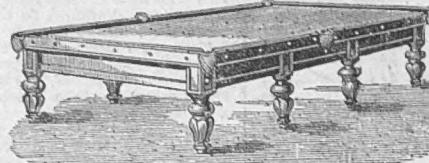
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